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# The Sketch

No. 974.—Vol. LXXV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



AFTER HIS LONG SLEEP IN THE KAATSKILLS: THE AWAKENING OF RIP VAN WINKLE—  
MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS RIP.

Mr. Austin Strong does not follow Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" very closely, and, to justify this, quotes Irving, who says of Rip: "He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Dolittle's Hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awakened." Mr. Strong, for instance, introduces an important love-interest into it, and, incidentally, by the way, changes the name of Rip's dog Wolf to Schneider—evidently with some idea of "forcing" Rip's Dutch origin.





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

#### Another Famous Castle.

Do not, however, run away with the idea that I am compiling a book on "Famous Castles of Great Britain." To tell the truth, I had forgotten, when I came to Dudley, that there was a castle here. (Next week I shall be in Nottingham. Doubtless, I shall also find a castle in Nottingham.)

Dudley Castle is awfully old. It was built about the year 700 by a man named Dud. Some authorities call him Dudo, and others Dodo. In my own mind, none the less, there is no doubt that his real name was simply Dud. "Ley," as you know, means "place."

In Doomsday Book, if you care to look, you will find the following—

*"Isd W. ten Dudelei, et ibi est castellum ejus.  
Hoc M. tenuit Edwinus Comes."*

Here a point of great interest arises, not only to the archæologist, but also to the student of romance. If "W." refers to William FitzAnsculph, who was "Edvinus"? You will never guess, and yet his grandmother is one of the most famous women in history. Her name was Lady Godiva of Coventry.

One must travel, you see, to discover things of this sort.

We will now enter the Castle Grounds.

#### The Deceptive Warder Tower.

The first bit of the Castle we come to is the Warder Tower. It is necessary to be on your guard when inspecting the Warder Tower, for it is a deceptive structure. The casual observer honestly believes it to be an ordinary square building. He is dead wrong. Run a measuring-tape over it and you will find, to your amazement, that it is not square at all. There is nothing square about it. It may be oblong, but I am not prepared to swear to that. The great thing to remember about the Warder Tower is that it is not square. If anybody, in your hearing, mentions Dudley Castle—the thing might happen at any moment—at once retort: "Yes; that is the castle where the Warder Tower is not square." Many men, with less information than that to back them, have risen to prominent and powerful positions.

The first-floor apartment in this Tower was reached by means of a spiral staircase. If you wish to confirm this statement you must borrow a short ladder from the courteous gatekeeper, climb to the level of the first floor, and then look down. You will see *distinct traces of a spiral staircase*. For myself, being rather pressed for time, I took the matter on trust. I shall never contradict anybody who tells me that the first-floor apartment was reached by a spiral staircase. To throw doubt upon statements of this sort may please certain universal sceptics. To me, it is not cricket.

#### The Cobbler in the Watch Tower.

Leaving the Warder Tower to the left—which sounds a redundant thing to do, but is not so in reality—we come next to the Watch Tower. Many authorities, with whom I am disposed to agree, have it that the Watch Tower was used as a place of observation. This opinion is further borne out by the fact that the Watch Tower is perched at the very edge of the hill, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding neighbourhood. If, then, it was not used as a Watch Tower, will you kindly tell me to what purpose it was devoted? You are dumb. You have nothing to say. Then I shall cling to my statement.

#### DUDLEY.

Last week I told you, friend the reader, of my adventures at Edinburgh Castle. This week I have something to say about Dudley Castle.

About ninety years ago, an old cobbler lived in this Watch Tower. He had no authority to do so, he paid no rent, and yet there he remained. Much talk was raised by his peculiar action, and many motives were assigned to the old man. At last it was discovered that he lived in the Watch Tower in order to avoid paying rent. Strange blending of thrift and romance! The wall is two feet thick. To the right of the door there is a fireplace.

From the Watch Tower we proceed to the Keep by way of the Triple Gateway. The walls of the Keep are enormously thick, and were doubtless so designed in order to frustrate the efforts of those boorish fellows of the period who tried to effect an entrance to the Castle by main force. This point is practically undisputed, and may therefore be passed over.

#### View from the Keep.

A wonderful view is to be obtained from the summit of the Keep. A charge of one penny is made for the privilege to ascend. The toll-keeper, on the occasion of my visit, was a small lad, who volunteered the information that the Keep had been "mended" only the day before. Thus heartened, my little party climbed the winding stair.

From the summit of the Keep, I repeat, you can see Bilston, Cannock, Tipton, Darlaston, Walsall, Wednesbury, Barr Beacon, West Bromwich, Birmingham, Rowley Hills, Oakham, Cawney Hill, Frankley Upper Beeches, Bromsgrove, Lickey Hills, Clent Hills, Netherton Church, Hagley Monument, Pedmore Church, Worcestershire Beacon, North Hills, Oldswinford Church, Brierley Hills, Abberley Hills, Titterstone, Brown, Enville, Dudley Priory, Upper Gornal, Wellington Wrekin, Wren's Nest Hill, Sedgley, and Wolverhampton.

Is not that a wonderful view? Is it not well worth the climb to feast your eyes on all those spots of historical and modern interest? I do not say that my party saw them all. In point of fact, the day being a misty one, we could only just see the flagstaff. Still, the places I have mentioned were all around us, and we derived immense satisfaction from that knowledge.

Other points to remember about the Keep are (1) that it consists of irregular pieces of limestone, and (2) that the interior measures forty-nine feet eleven inches by twenty-seven feet five inches.

#### GENERAL NOTES ON DUDLEY CASTLE.

- 1.—Very considerable difficulty is experienced when trying to describe the rooms between the Banqueting Hall and the Chapel.
- 2.—As regards the floor of the Chapel, it is a pleasure to sketch or photograph this floor in any direction.
- 3.—Vault or Dungeon. The visitor is compelled to enter and return through the same doorway.
- 4.—Dr. Booker mentions that the Vault or Dungeon may have been used as a storehouse for strong drink. Others hold that it was a resting-place for the dead. If so, why a fireplace?
- 5.—Room 7-7-7. No part of the ruins is more difficult to describe than these rooms.
- 6.—Grand Hall or Banqueting Room. It is impossible to forbear contrasting scenes of former splendour with the picture of desolation now presented to the beholder.
- 7.—Octagon Tower. This tower appears to have been constructed for the purpose of providing a means of communication with the servants' bedrooms. They had to pass into the open air before commencing the ascent of the staircase. New cook every month.



## MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS MUSICAL-COMEDY COMPOSER.

"THE GREAT NAME," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.



1. ISAAC MANHARD, THE MUSIC-PUBLISHER, PAYS A VERY HIGH PRICE FOR A SYMPHONY, BELIEVING IT TO BE BY JOHN HARCOURT, FAMOUS COMPOSER OF MUSICAL COMEDY, AND IS EXCEEDINGLY SAD AT HAVING TO SPEND SO MUCH.

2. MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR AS ISAAC MANHARD.

3. MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS JOHN HARCOURT.

4. JOHN HARCOURT PLAYS A FEW BARS OF HIS OWN COMPOSITION, AND IS BIDDEN BY THE CALL-BOY TO "STOP THAT NOISE."

Space forbids a detailed account of the plot of "The Great Name." Briefly, however, it may be said that John Harcourt, successful composer of musical comedy, lends his name to a symphony composed by the unsuccessful musician, Robert Brand, that the composition may get a hearing, which it certainly would not obtain were it submitted as from the pen of the unknown man. In the first photograph (from left to right) are Mr. Ronald Squire as Hubert Last, Mr. Arthur Playfair as Isaac Manhard, Miss Lydia Bilbrooke as Stéphanie Julius, and Miss Mary Rorke as Mrs. Harcourt. In the fourth are Master Noel Coward as Cannard, Miss Bilbrooke, and Mr. Hawtre.



## THE THUNDER-MAKER AND THE FIVE SENSES OF RIP.



1. THE DISCOVERER OF THE HUDSON AS HE KEEPS VIGIL IN THE KAATSKILLS:  
MR. WALTER BRODIE AS HENDRICK HUDSON.

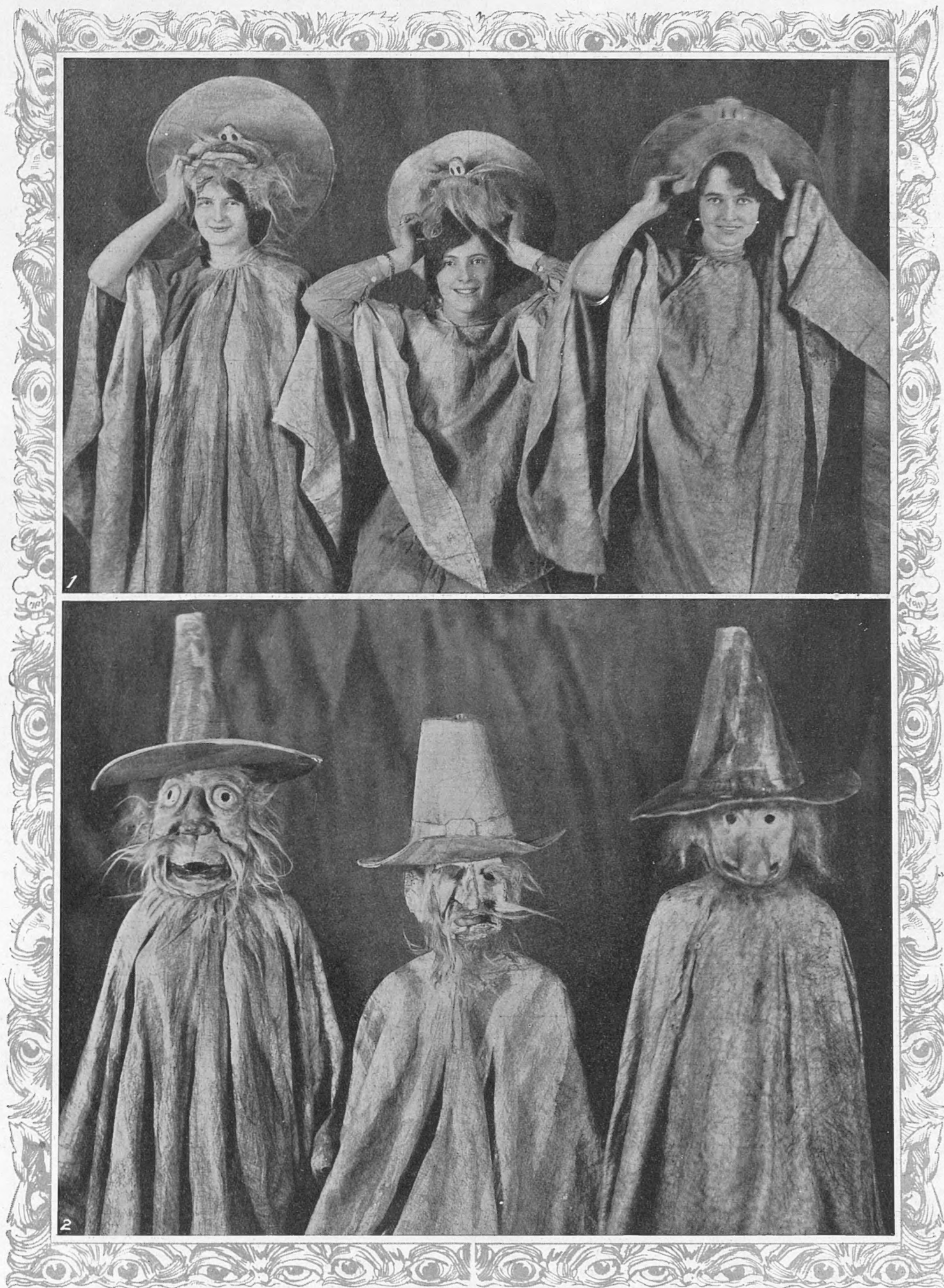
2. THE SLAVE OF HIS FIVE SENSES: RIP TEMPTED  
IN THE KAATSKILLS.

Those who know their "Rip Van Winkle" will remember that when the young Rip followed the singular stranger into the mountains, he came upon an amphitheatre in which was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins, and noted the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder. They will recollect also that Peter Vanderdonk assured the villagers that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that "it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his

[Continued opposite.]



## MASKS AND FACES! STRANGE BEINGS OF THE MOUNTAINS.



MEN OF THE KAATSKILLS AND THEIR FAIR PLAYERS: FIGURES IN "RIP VAN WINKLE,"  
AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

*Continued.*

crew of the 'Half Moon'; and that "even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskills but they say, 'Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins.'" In Mr. Austin Strong's version of the familiar story, there are introduced also Rip's five senses, who dance about him, tempting him and tantalising him.



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### M. Stolypin as a Clubman.

The late M. Stolypin, whose murder has sent a thrill of pity and indignation throughout Europe, was paid by the Russian aristocracy the unique compliment of being elected a member of the St. Petersburg Yacht Club. The Yacht Club, which is on the Morskaiâ, is one of the most exclusive clubs in the world—far more exclusive than our "Squadron," for no one is elected to it unless he is of noble birth. The members, however, made an exception in the case of M. Stolypin, who was not born "noble," though his father was a general. M. Stolypin was essentially a clubbable man. He was one of those physically fine, big-bearded Russians, determined in all affairs of business and State, but relaxing into a jovial companion when there was no business to be discussed. When I was in St. Petersburg early in the 'nineties, I was shown M. Stolypin's house on The Island, that pleasant summer refuge of officials who have to spend the hot weather in St. Petersburg, and a most delightful place of quiet and calm it looked with its emerald lawns and its beautiful flower-beds. This was the house which a year later was blown up by the Terrorists while M. Stolypin was giving a reception there, and thirty people were killed and twenty-four, including M. Stolypin's daughter and son, were badly injured. M. Stolypin must have been a man of iron nerve, for he knew that he was doomed to death by the Terrorists, and he also knew that in doing his duty, as he saw it, to his Emperor and his country he had incurred the enmity of the reactionaries as well as of the Terrorists. It was a wonder that he retained his membership of the Yacht Club, for the members have the power to expel from its membership any of their number who have taken action in politics which the majority consider injurious to the cause of the nobility.

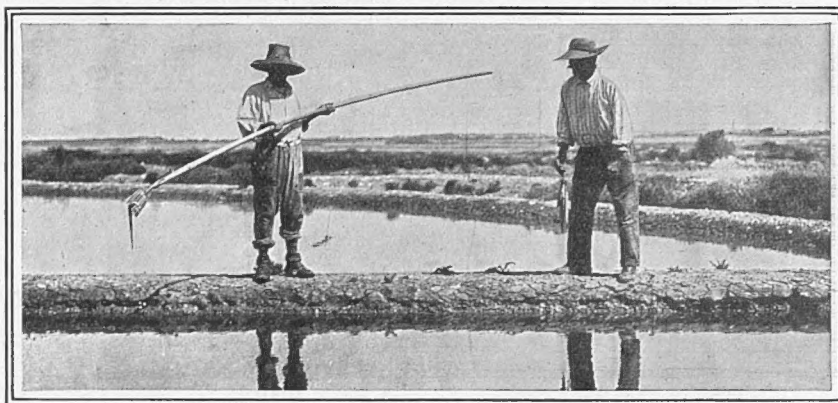
### France and Germany.

I spent part of last week in the north of France, and chatted to many Frenchmen there as to the calm that France was showing in the face of a possible war, and I also talked on the same subject with many Englishmen who have exceptional opportunities for knowing what the French think on any given subject. What the Frenchman and what the other people with whom I talked told me was this—France is devoted to peace, and no war is ever likely to be originated by the French; but there is a settled conviction in France that war with Germany must come within the next two years, and that, as it is a necessity, France could not meet it at a better moment than the present, when she is assured of the friendship of England, and when Russia has no internal troubles on her hands to prevent her from keeping the ring clear. The calm of the Frenchmen is the calm of the man provoked to a duel who, having made every preparation for the worst, goes out to meet his antagonist with a clear conscience and the belief that right is on his side. Probably the calm determination of France has had more to say to the

postponement of the day of battle than any arguments put forth by her Ambassador.

### Plight of the Territorials.

The matter of universal service is once again looming in the near distance. The recruiting for the Territorials is declining, and the number of absentees from training this year in some of the regiments reaches a large total. The outside public rarely hears of these defaulters from duty, because commanding officers are unwilling to take legal proceedings against them lest they should throw good money after bad men, and lest it should be thought that their regiments are unpopular. The men of the Territorials, in the face of much adverse criticism, do all that they can to become efficient during their short period of training. The employers who give their men leave find that their rivals in trade who do not give leave to Territorials score from the business point of view. Adjutants and brigadiers work desperately hard to teach their units in a fortnight all that the regular soldier learns in a year. There is much patriotism, there is much keenness; but there is an unmistakable feeling on the part of the Territorials and of most of those concerned in the Territorial organisation that this keenness and this patriotism are being wasted. The men who joined in 1908 are free to leave the ranks next year, and the seventy-odd thousand recruits brought into the ranks by the great whipping-up of 1909 finish their term in 1913. We must be prepared in 1913 either for a new recruiting campaign, with another "Englishman's Home" and more presentations of colours, or else recognise that, though a large section of Britons have been patriotic under depressing circumstances, the Territorial voluntary system is a failure and its machinery must be used for some form of universal service.



REMINISCENT OF JOHN RIDD'S LOACH-SPEARING IN "LORNA DOONE":

A FRENCH METHOD OF CATCHING EELS WITH A "SALET."

Our photograph, taken at the Île d'Oleron, France, illustrates a curious method of catching eels practised in that district. The implement used, which is called a "salet," is a kind of many-pronged fork on the end of a long pole. The operation recalls John Ridd's description of his loach-spearing expedition in Chapter VII. of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone."—[Photograph by J. Boyer.]



ALL AMONG THE ICED CHAMPAGNE: AN ACTRESS IN COLD STORAGE, TO CURE HAY-FEVER.

The latest remedy for hay-fever is the cold-storage cure, devised by Mr. C. C. Nobles, of the Hotel Breslin, New York, who uses the huge ice-box of the hotel for his experiments. Miss Mary Land, a well-known actress, having contracted hay-fever last year while crossing the Arizona Desert, was advised to try the new cure; so she donned her winter furs, much to the surprise of other visitors, and went down among the iced champagne. She feels sure that her recovery will prove permanent.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

### The Johnson-Wells Boxing-Match.

Some of the clergy of all denominations have raised a cry against the proposed boxing-match between the negro Johnson and Bombardier Wells at Earl's Court. Lord Lonsdale, in a telegram to the *Evening Standard*, has spoken very much what most clubmen think about the matter. He disapproves of the lines on which the match was made as contrary to the interests of sport and boxing, and he thinks that the enormous sums offered as a purse are entirely out of proportion to the science of boxing. He says perfectly truly that there is nothing base or brutalising about boxing. Every healthy Briton likes to see a good boxing bout between two equally matched men, and is quite willing to put his hand into his pocket to reward winner and loser in a well-fought, clean contest. But none of us likes the idea that anything approaching the prize-fights for which some of the American towns bid against each other in huge sums should be permitted in England, and if the cinematograph pictures of fights are to be exhibited, they should show the science of the rounds, and not only the disagreeable sensational incidents.





LORD and Lady Bute are two of the people mentioned in the daily Press as about to proceed to India for the Durbar who do really mean to go. Moreover, they are in the mood to prolong their Eastern travels for perhaps a period of two years. That is a long absence from England, and especially from the England of a changing day; but Lord Bute, having taken little part in politics, is not likely to be needed in a revised House of Lords; nor is his presence or absence likely to affect any of the labour problems arising at the Bute Docks. His own health has, moreover, been a matter of concern lately; and the doctors predict that an improvement in this respect will be among the rewards of exile. Lord Bute, in his instinct for travel, is the true son of his father, who was never so happy as when a pilgrim



TO MARRY MR. NEIL MACEACHARN:  
MISS MARIE RAPHAEL.

Miss Raphael is the only daughter of Mr. Walter Raphael, and niece of Sir Herbert Raphael, Bt., M.P., of Allestree Hall, Derby.  
*Photograph by Swaine.*



TO MARRY MISS MARIE RAPHAEL:  
MR. NEIL MACEACHARN.

Mr. Neil MacEacharn is the only son of the late Sir Malcolm MacEacharn, of Galloway House, Wigtownshire.  
*Photograph by Swaine.*

is shut in like "the pleasure-grounds and seraglio of an Eastern sultan." It seems that the walls and gates are responsible for this disreputable aspect of the Sussex home of an English noble; but most people will fail, like the owner, to see the resemblance; and there is little fear of his seeking to remove the bricks and the imputation before he installs Miss Beatrice Rawson as Lady Leconfield in her future home.

*Sir and Mister.* "I congratulate you on your knighthood," wrote a friend to Sir George Askwith, "if only as a matter of convenience"; and perhaps the gentleman who is now the only Mr. Asquith among State officials is not less pleased on the same score. The only other way to have created a difference of sound between the names of the Prime Minister and the distinguished member of the Board of Trade would have been a peerage for the P.M. But many a year must pass before the honour and good-humour of the Upper House will be sufficiently restored for Mr. Asquith to wish to enter there. To banish confusion among the names of the Commons, it now only remains for Mr. Lloyd George to put the opportunity of winning a title in the way of Mr. George Lloyd. As for Mr. Arthur Butler, the Master Cutler of Sheffield, he is no trouble at Westminster, and the Mr. Winston Churchill of America generally stays there.



MARRIED AT SIMLA TO MISS  
KATHLEEN O'CONNOR TANDY:  
MR. LOUIS OGILVY.

Mr. Louis Ogilvy is the son of Mr. Francis Mackenzie Ogilvy, of Blackthorns, Byfleet, Surrey. The wedding took place at Christ Church, Simla, on Sept. 18.  
*Photograph by Bullingham.*

has more than an echo of Lord Wemyss's useful volubility, tinged with the same autocratic definiteness of principle. "It amazed me," writes a friend who heard Mr. Charteris, "to find this young man talking with all the finish of Meredith's Sir Willoughby Patterne, and with all that hero's consciousness of the chosen family's mission in life. It amazed me, not because I observed a person in real life resembling (although in every way more attractive) a character in fiction, but because of a curious coincidence. The Sir Willoughby of the story is called 'the Egoist,' and the lady who loves him is Lætitia. Now, Mr. Hugo Charteris is known to his friends as 'Ego,' and Lady Violet, his wife, for no apparent reason, is called 'Letitia.' At their marriage the bridesmaids wore brooches inscribed with those names."



TO MARRY MR. CONYNGHAM CHARLES  
DENISON: MISS VERA BAXENDALE.

Miss Baxendale is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Baxendale, of Framfield Place, Sussex.  
*Photograph by Swaine.*



MARRIED AT SIMLA ON SEPT. 18: MRS.  
LOUIS OGILVY, FORMERLY MISS KATHLEEN  
O'CONNOR TANDY.

Mrs. Louis Ogilvy is the younger daughter of Colonel E. Ord Tandy (I.M.S. retired) and Mrs. Ord Tandy, of Mount Pleasant, Northam, North Devon.—[*Photograph by Bullingham.*]



TO MARRY MISS VERA BAXENDALE:  
MR. CONYNGHAM CHARLES DENISON.

Mr. Conyngham Charles Denison is the elder son of the Hon. Conyngham and Mrs. Denison.  
*Photograph by Swaine.*

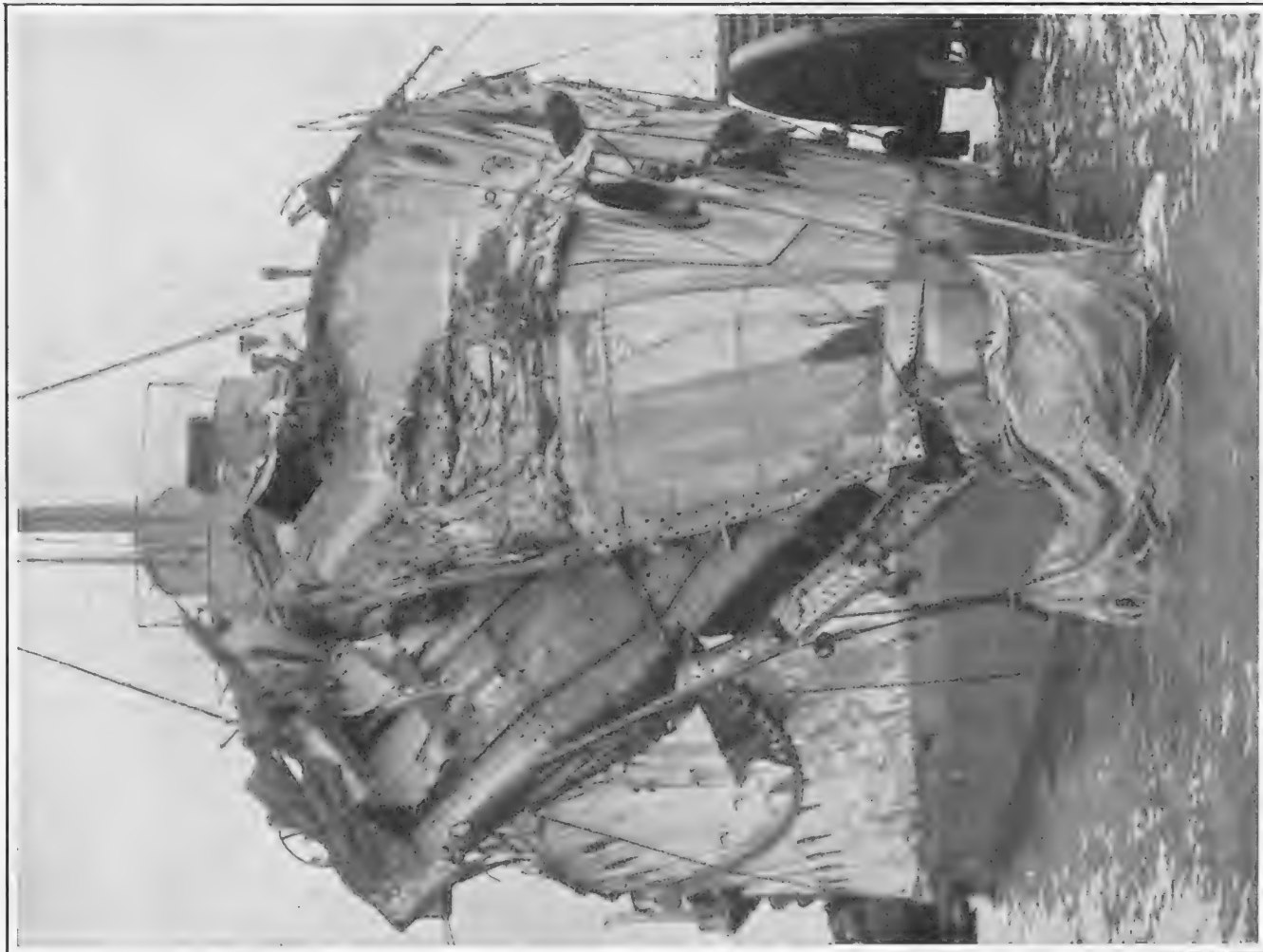
discover nothing obnoxious, the casual visitor may sight a skeleton in the cupboard. Lord Leconfield, for instance, learnt last week, from the usually authentic column of a daily paper, that Petworth

*The Walled-Off.* Even when housekeeper and "char"

*Baths and Bulletins.* Lord Roberts is at Buxton, where he "is taking a course of baths." "Yet," continues the reporter, as if in surprise, "he looks remarkably well." The inference is clear. We know from Lord Roberts's comrade-in-arms, Sir George Kekewich, that the Eton boy of their generation was not hardened to water. There were no baths; but in the winter a foot-tub was allowed on alternate Saturdays. All things considered, then, an old Eton boy—an old Eton boy of nearly eighty—is to be congratulated on his remarkable health under the trying conditions enforced at Buxton. Other reports sent from the health-resorts inform us that a certain well-known *restaurateur* has been taking the waters at a Northern spa; and only the other day, a chef's yachting party was paragraphed, and his home-coming dinner, served at one of his own tables, reported along with the entertainments of Lord Lonsdale and Lord Savile.



# THE RAMMER AND THE RAMMED: THE "HAWKE" AND THE "OLYMPIC" AFTER THE COLLISION.



WITH ITS "BREAK" BADLY OUT OF JOINT: THE "HAWKE" IN DOCK AT PORTSMOUTH.

The collision in the Solent last Wednesday, when the cruiser H.M.S. "Hawke" rammed the White Star liner "Olympic," the largest liner in the world, might have been one of the greatest shipping disasters in history, for the "Olympic" alone had about 3000 people on board. Among the first-class passengers were about twenty American millionaires, representing between them a total capital of something like £100,000,000. After the collision the "Hawke" was berthed in Portsmouth Dockyard, where her injuries were found to be more serious than was at first supposed. Besides the damage to the upper part of the stem, all



DIAGNOSING THE WOUND: DIVERS AT WORK ON THE DAMAGED HULL OF THE "OLYMPIC" AT SOUTHAMPTON.

the fore-part of the cruiser under water had been twisted into a shapeless mass, and there was a great gap below the ram. A Naval Court of Inquiry into the collision was held at Portsmouth on Friday. Meanwhile the "Olympic" had been taken to Southampton, where divers examined the damage which she had received below the water-line, in addition to the hole shown in the photograph. It was then arranged to take her to Belfast to be docked for repairs at the yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, where she was built. — [Photographs by Silk and L.N.A.]





By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

THIS week's recipe for a long life. Eat only one meal a day. And if you die young at the age of 33'3, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that the dreary intervals between meals have made life seem three times as long as the almanack says it is.

In Tottenham the word "Samaritan" seems to be a term of abuse. It will be able to take rank with "Frankenstein," which every week is used by someone as a synonym for monster.

Professor Pierluigi Perotti has invented a phonograph which will record every word of a conversation. Future generations will be highly interested to hear this sort of thing: "Hullo! Hullo! Are you there? No.

What? No, don't cut me off. Are you there? Hullo! Hullo! Hullo! Are you there? What? I can't hear you." And so on for an hour and a half.

Owing to the fierce heat all this summer, the Alps have shrunk considerably, and Mont Blanc is several feet lower than it was. Now's your time for an easy scramble up to the top.



#### THE LAST 'BUS-HORSE.

(The last horse-drawn 'bus is expected to disappear from the London streets next week.)

A lonely 'bus went plodding past,  
Adown the ancient Strand—  
Lonely because it was the last  
Of that once cheery band  
Of vehicles whose motive force  
Was the remote historic horse;  
While on the hindmost plank  
His calling the conductor plied,  
And in seductive accents cried,  
"Here y'are, Sir—Bank, Bank,  
Bank!"



A motor-'bus went lumb'ring by  
With rattle and with jar;  
The 'bus-horse turned a  
bleary eye  
On the supplanting car;  
"Think not, mechanic trap," he  
said,  
"To boast the horse-drawn 'bus  
is dead,  
The horses gone to pot;  
For though my future lurks  
within  
The dark, mysterious sausage-  
skin,  
The scrap-heap is your lot!"

English is not a dead language; it is all a-blowing and a-growing. "Saturday-nighty" is the word coined in ingenious Wood Green to describe the thin partition which divides the man who is a trifle too happy from the man who is drunk. There are whole acres of Social Reform in that one word.

A statue of Justice, eight feet high, has been placed over the new Law Courts extension in the Strand. It is to be hoped that she will be allowed inside the Courts sometimes, and not kept mast-headed on the roof as a permanent thing.

Free Traders who advocate the eating of snails by poor people in these hard times will be glad to hear that an imitation snail has been put upon the market. No article of food can be said to be really popular unless it is adulterated.



Over seven thousand modest, blushing young things have written to Colonel Edward Green offering to take pity on his loneliness and make him a good wife. Incidentally, the Kernel is the son and heir of America's wealthiest woman.

Germans are now the Vulgar Rich of the world. This is settled by the statement that on the Continent a cab-driver now infinitely prefers a German to an American fare.

The latest craze from America is being photographed while asleep. Not really asleep, you know, with your mouth open and a large snore coming out of it; but merely a pretty pretence, with eyes and mouth both shut tight.

#### THE ELEPHANTINE SNEEZE.

(Daisy, Mr. Bostock's huge elephant, only sneezes once in two or three years, and the noise she makes over it is tremendous.)

When dainty Daisy sneezes, the neighbourhood gets the knock, And everyone for miles around receives a fearful shock; The girls hang on to their coats and hats, and the Man in the Street says "Right,



There's somebody been and busted up a keg of dynamite!"

The bang knocks over the chimney-pots and smashes the window-pane,  
And wrecks the place like the Earthquake Scene each evening at Drury Lane;  
And over in Paris the papers say that something must be done,  
For Jules and Jean have distinctly heard the sound of a German gun.

It's lucky for us that it only occurs once every two or three years, And that Daisy gives us warning by blushing behind the ears;

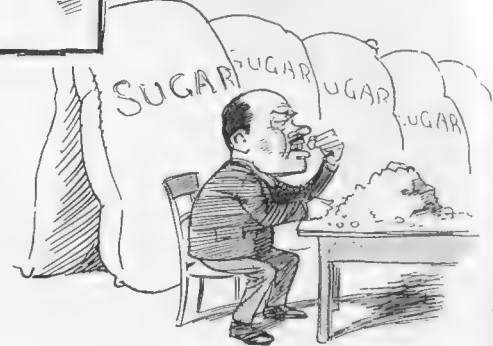
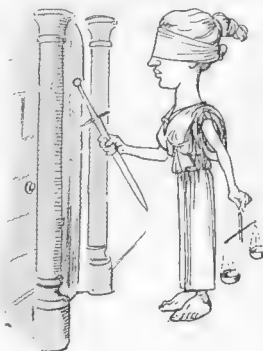
For if she exploded suddenly, and nobody said, "Hold tight!" You'd look as if you'd been taking a hand in a Massa Johnson fight.

Maine, U.S.A., has once more voted for a fictitious reputation for sobriety by calling Scotch whisky, "hair-wash." Not what a thing is, but what it is called, is evidently the Maine point.

Take the doctors' advice and drink neither whisky nor hair-wash, but eat lumps of sugar all day long. There is about a liqueur-glass of alcohol in a ton of sugar, and the jaw-bone that Samson used will not be in it for strength when you have champed your way through the equivalent of a bottle of whisky.

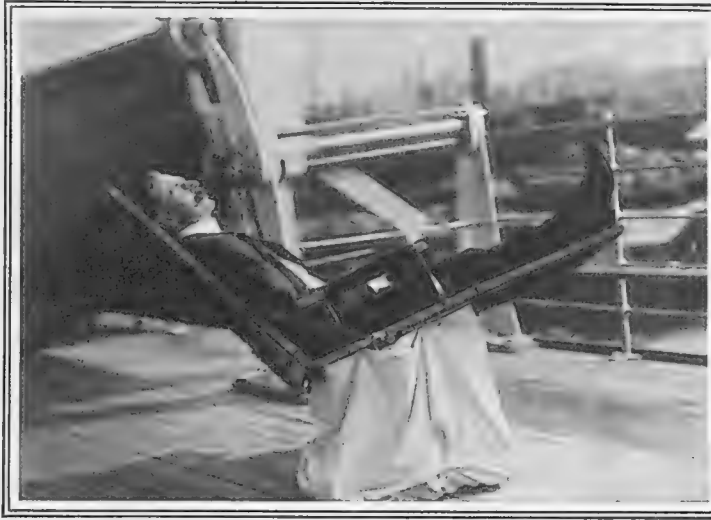
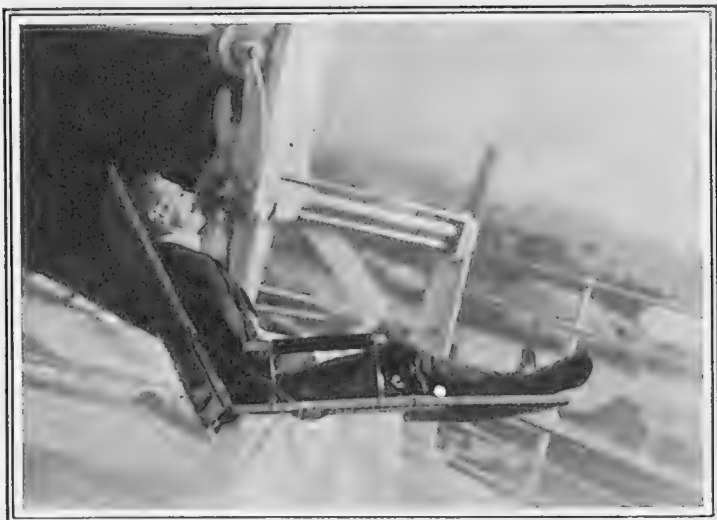
Uppingham is not to stand alone in the matter of sewing up Smith Minor's trouser pockets, for the other public schools are following suit this term. A medical man says that this is very bad, as boys and girls with cold fingers are peculiarly liable to catch cold in the head. The flaw in the argument seems to be that girls have no pockets—trouser or otherwise.

Mr. W. Allingham says that the shark belongs to a type which has survived the flight of time, while other more attractive species have ceased to exist. Probably the size of the shark's mouth has a good deal to do with this.





✠      ✠      OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!      ✠      ✠



"IF YOU DON'T WALK ABOUT WHO'S GOING TO FIND OUT IF YOU ARE JUST A LITTLE BIT"—SQUEAMISH? MAL-DE-MER CONQUERED BY A CHAIR.

The latest cure for mal-de-mer is a patent chair invented by a Mr. Gay, of Camberwell. Surely there is something in a name! Exhaustive trials, it is said, have proved its efficacy. Instead of legs the chair is supported on pivots, so that the occupant remains undisturbed, however violently the vessel may roll or pitch. That is all right, as long as the patient remains seated. As Connie Ediss sings in "Peggy," "If you don't walk about, who's going to find out if you are just a little bit tight"—or squeamish?—[Photographs by Record Press.]



**MORE GERMAN INTERESTS IN MOROCCO:**  
A FRÄULEIN AS A MOROCCAN BRIDE.

The Germans, we know, claim to have important interests in Morocco, although some argue that they haven't a leg to stand on. No objection of the sort can be raised in this case.

Photograph by H. Schuhmann.



**THE PASSING OF THE GROUND FLOOR FRONT, AND BACK—TO THE FIRST FLOOR: RAISING A HOUSE BODILY IN VANCOUVER.**

The builders of Western Canada know a thing or two that would surprise the builders of Camberwell. Where many houses are built of wood, it is no uncommon sight to see one lifted bodily on piles for an addition to be made underneath. The owner of the house shown wished to build a store below.

Photograph by C.N.



**THE DIMINISHING SKIRT OF THE DANCER: A GERMAN CIRCUS DRESS.**

The London stage has not witnessed quite such a diminution of skirts as this and its companion photograph show, though an Abyssinian scene in a recent ballet ran it close.

Photograph by H. Schuhmann.



**CACTUS FOR THE COW: THE PRICKLY PEAR AS FODDER.**

When grass is scarce in Texas cows eat the cactus known as prickly pear, in its natural state, but the spikes disagree with them, sometimes fatally. A Kansas City firm has set up machinery for grinding the spikes to make them harmless, and Texas farmers now cultivate a plant that was once a thorn in their side, as well as in the cow's stomach.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



**NATURE AS HOUSE-DECORATOR: A ROOM "PAPERED" WITH IVY.**

Everyone knows the anxieties of choosing a wall-paper not too appalling from the house-decorator's album. At an old inn at Portchester, in Hampshire, Nature has been left to do the papering. Two rooms are covered with ivy which has made its way through the floor, with results which not even William Morris could have bettered.

Photograph by Crabb.





#### Visitors from Brussels.

There has been a general confession that it is difficult to find words which would do justice to the charm of "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans," now playing at the Globe, and of the very delightful people who act in it. The best and the truest plays are often those which deal tenderly and humorously with the foolishnesses of humble people; and the Beulemans and Meulemeester families, whose fortunes are here in question, are very humble and most deliciously foolish. Except, of course, Mlle. Beulemans herself; for, so far from being foolish, she, like Bunty at the Haymarket, manages everything and everybody—the superior young man from Paris, his genial father, the local Brussels gentleman who is engaged to her, but embarrassed by a prior engagement which has involved a baby, the young gentleman's father, and, above all, her own inimitably



THE MOULD AND MILDEW MAN WORKING BY THE SLEEPING RIP: MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS RIP AND MR. H. PETERS AS THE MOULD AND MILDEW MAN IN "RIP VAN WINKLE" AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

comic yet by no means impossible father, old Beulemans, the brewer. It would be unfair, of course, not to give full credit to the authors, MM. Fonson and Wicheler, for they have drawn a perfect picture with infinite humour and a delightfully sympathetic touch; but the memories one carries away are first and foremost memories of Mlle. Gilberte Legrand, quick-witted, competent, sweetly reasonable, most exquisitely French, and altogether a creature to be worshipped; and of M. Jacque, whose Beulemans, with his small ambitions, his human weaknesses, and his swelling pride, is a comic invention of the first magnitude. But these two are not alone. The young men's parts, which in ordinary hands might be embarrassing and colourless, are played with an easy and natural humour by MM. Jules Berry and Bernard; and MM. Ambréville and Decock contribute sketches of self-satisfied elderly gentlemen which even the genius of M. Jacque does not put into the shade. The play is practically certain to appear soon in English; and all who can should take this opportunity of seeing it in its original form.

#### "Married by Degrees."

The Court Theatre has revived "Married by Degrees," which the Play Actors discovered some months ago. Its author, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, has been minded to bring in psychology to the aid of farce; so we have a young lady who has two personalities, each unknown to the other, each in a way antagonistic though complementary to the other, and both ultimately fused into one harmonious whole by the aid of mesmerism. The farcical possibilities are obvious when it is remembered that, as Lucy, she may be engaged to a good barrister, and, as Leonora, she may be fascinated by a bad and foreign nobleman; and if at times the farce is not so wildly entertaining as it might be, consolation may always be obtained by recollection of the fact that ladies have, in fact, had such double personalities; and that, after all, we are in the presence of one of the wonders of science. Miss Maud Hoffman played the lady with considerable ability, as before; Mr. Kenneth Douglas rushed with energy through the part of the barrister; Mr. Beveridge emphasised the scientific side of the question; and the audience was duly impressed, but apparently not sorry when the spirit of farce prevailed.

#### "The Sorries."

"The Sorries" appear to be a nice little party of friends from Cambridge, determined to see what can be done in the great world. They started at the Kingsway with a programme which had the merit of not being a slavish imitation of The Follies. It consisted of a burlesque of any musical comedy and a burlesque (surely a little belated) of Sherlock Holmes; and though the proceedings began somewhat heavily, they brightened up considerably, and parts of the "Sherbet Jones" performance were, thanks to Mr. Miles Malleon as Professor Goryarty, distinctly funny. Mr. Hugh Robinson is apparently the ringleader, and there is an air of competent assurance and style about his humour; and Miss Beatrice Meredith has a voice with a very pleasant tone in it. Mr. Ernest Thesiger also promises well as a comic man, and Miss Phoebe Hodgson and Miss Beatrice West dance and sing prettily. The music has a certain lively jingle about it, and one duet in the first part of the programme is really graceful; but, as burlesque, the whole affair is lacking in point, though it provides a mildly amusing entertainment.

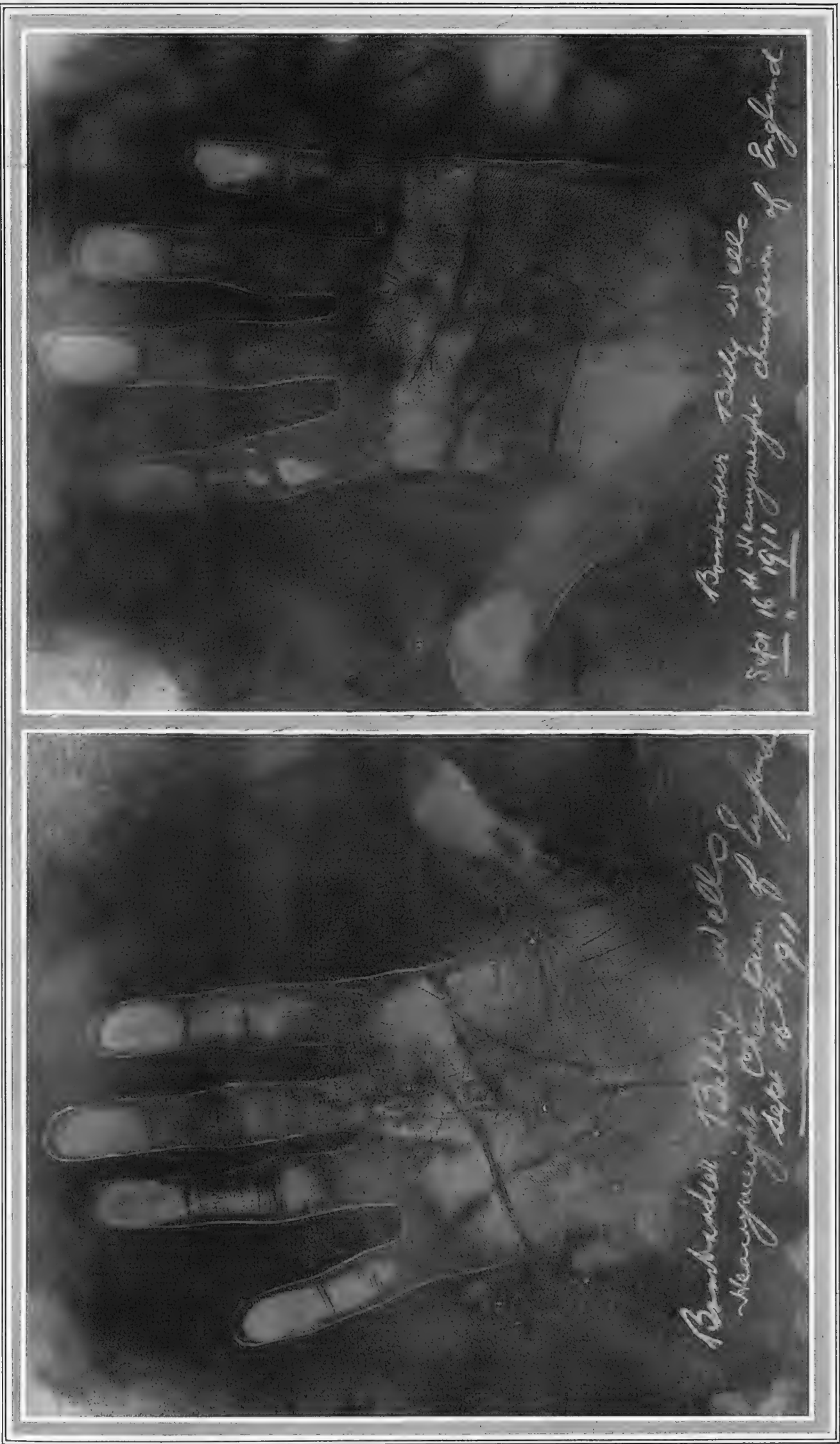
"Rip Van Winkle." Mr. Cyril Maude at the Playhouse has been able to gratify what has been, so he has told us, one of his ambitions. He is playing Rip Van Winkle. It is the old Rip Van Winkle in new surroundings. The story has been taken in hand by Mr. Austin Strong and refurnished with a love interest and an adventure in the mountains with the spirit of his heroine's father, which may not be according to tradition, but which certainly add coherence to it as a play. Scenery duly tinged with an air of mystery, music (by Mr. J. Ansell) which shows invention and imagination, and Messrs. Maskelyne and



THE YOUNG RIP AND THE DWARF WHO LEADS HIM TO THE GREAT ADVENTURE IN THE KAATSKILLS: MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS RIP VAN WINKLE AND MR. WILLIE ATOM AS GREEN-IN-THE-FACE IN "RIP VAN WINKLE" AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Devant have all been called in to make the adventure of Rip in the Kaatskill Mountains one suitable to present to a modern audience; and if for the greater part of the play there seems in the writing of it to be a lack of that poetry without which it is little more than a Christmas pantomime, the position is redeemed by a beautiful rendering of Rip's home-coming to the arms of the woman who has waited for fifty years. Mr. Maude himself has done few things better than the young Rip—nothing better or more pathetic than the old Rip; and Miss Winifred Emery is wonderful in the tender dignity of the last scene, a scene which should be the making of the play. Mr. Holman Clark plays the village dominie in the first act with a kindly humour; Miss Margery Maude is a very attractive little Minna, the Minna who grows up into Miss Winifred Emery; and Mr. Shiel Barry helps to give an air of terror to the scene in the mountains. But the opportunities for acting go to Mr. Maude and Miss Emery alone, and they make the most of them.





THE LEFT HAND.

In our issue of last week, we gave impressions from the hands of Jack Johnson and a "reading" from the lines upon them. We now give the hands of Bombardier "Billy" Wells. Mr. C. Walter Child gives the following delineation of the lines: "The hands of 'Billy' Wells are remarkable for their size, squareness, and fine proportion. Another unusual feature is noticeable in the centre line (line of head or intellect) commencing inside the line (line of life) encircling the thumb, on what is called, in scientific parlance, the lower Mount of Mars. This occurs in both hands and indicates a very aggressive and contentious person, one who is always intense in his views and somewhat vacillating. With strong, well-developed thumbs, however, the subject will be able to overcome these disagreeable traits, and it is pleasant to find by indications in both hands that this has actually been accomplished. The impression produced on looking at these hands is one of refinement and scientific attainments. Both hands are well balanced, soft in texture, and only moderately lined. The fingers are set evenly, with wide spaces between, the third being the strongest finger. This denotes aptitude for scientific pursuits, fondness for detail, independence of thought and action, and strong speculative desires. The developed joints indicate thoroughness, method, punctuality, and a tendency to be very exacting, while the short first and

THE RIGHT HAND.

fourth fingers bespeak extreme sensitiveness, some lack of confidence, and a limited vocabulary. With the exception of the extraordinary development of the lines of head, the other lines are normally placed. The upper line (line of heart), is long, deep, and clear, and shows an affectionate disposition and one loyal in friendship. The line of head is unusually good and testifies to the possession of a strong, vigorous, healthy mind. The presence of such a line on such a large, thin, square, soft hand, with broad but not bulging palm, bespeaks the scientific boxer and sportsman, and his remarkable success and rapid rise to fame are entirely due to his mental, rather than his physical, strength. As regards the latter, the life line, although good, does not show an exceptionally robust constitution, and the fact that it has a tendency to narrow towards the thumb warns the subject that great care must be taken not to overtax his physical powers. From other markings, it is evident that the owner of these hands was thrown upon his own resources very early in life and is self-made. The hands, as a whole, reveal considerable talent, much refinement, and a painstaking, thoughtful, self-contained nature."—Impressions and Delineation by C. Walter Child.





## CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

KING GEORGE is neither hasty nor unduly demonstrative, but in the end he never fails to show his hand. He has his own methods, and they are as quiet as they are fearless. Two illustrations, albeit small ones, have been supplied during the last week or so. At the time of the political crisis, Lord Carrington's attitude was described as disloyal. Where all Liberals were called traitors to their trust, he was considered especially blameworthy, according to the phrases that passed as the current coin of August. Of course, politics being what they are, neither the makers of such charges nor their victims took them very seriously; but they left, all the same, a nasty taste in the mouth. And now the King, with Abergeldie Castle yawning for guests, has chosen to put it at the disposal of, among all his courtiers, Lord Carrington. Nor, after all the pother about Lord Rosebery's allusion to his Majesty as "the young monarch," can there be any two meanings to the Prince of Wales's visits to Dalmeny. It is certain that it was not expected he would hear distasteful talk of his father there.

### Connaughtly Rumours.

With the coming of Prince Arthur of Connaught to London came the rumour of his engagement to Princess Irene of Russia, and by the time he had reached York he found that city bubbling within its walls, not over the denial of the story, but over the story itself. All things considered, he has been wonderfully immune from the contagious attentions of Dame Gossip, and this, perhaps, accounts for the ready credence accorded in this particular case. His sister, on the other hand, has been thought a fair target for the good-natured attentions of the busybodies; but as often as she has been given

*At Gopsall.* There is rumour of a visit to be paid by the King to Earl Howe early in October, and Gopsall is, in fact, just the place for a royal visit. It is full of things that are interesting to his Majesty, and it has a touch of the unexpected and unusual. The royal suite of rooms is directly over the Cedar Chapel; and if strains of ghostly music ascend the narrow stairway leading to the living rooms at an hour when no sturdy organist of Leicestershire would be out of his bed, they come, it must be known, from one of the greatest of musicians at his posthumous practice. Gopsall, indeed, is full of memories of Handel; and the library contains several of his original scores.



SIR STAFFORD HOWARD AND LADY HOWARD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON THURSDAY OF LAST WEEK.

Sir Stafford Howard is a son of the late Henry Howard, M.P., and a grandson of the late Lord Henry Howard, brother of the twelfth Duke of Norfolk. He was born in 1851; was Under-Secretary of State for India in 1886; was appointed a Commissioner of Woods and Forests in 1893; and has sat as member (L.) for East Cumberland and South Gloucestershire. In 1876 he married Lady Rachel Campbell, daughter of the second Earl Cawdor; she died in 1906. His bride (formerly Miss Catharine Stepney) is the only child of the late Sir Arthur Cowell-Stepney, Bt. Her mother is a daughter of the second Lord de Tabley.—[Photographs by Lallie Charles and Swaine.]

sentimental reasons had lately reached an acute stage under a Treasury that takes close note of unearned increment, but none at all of unearned detriment. Even the local Council, though it would pay the heavy rates into its very own pocket, felt it could not face the repairs, and therefore refused the glorious palace as a gift. Squarely built, it is difficult enough to demolish, and the pickaxe will long resound in apartments where Queen Victoria danced and Disraeli took notes for the Brentham of "Lothair." The very names

once familiar to these and other guests will pass out of memory—the Fuchsia Bedroom, the Landscape Bath Room, the Bird Room, and the rest. But the toppling down of Trentham does not mean that the Duchess will relax her interests in the Potteries, least of all in her Cripples' Guild of Metal-Workers,



ENGAGED TO MR. ROBERT COX: MISS BEATRICE HELEN ARMSTRONG.

Miss Armstrong is a granddaughter of the late Sir Andrew Armstrong, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Armstrong. Her mother is a daughter of the late Mr. C. J. Proby, Consul at Florence, a member of the family of the Probys who held the now extinct Earldom of Carysfort. Mr. Robert Cox is a son of the late Mr. Robert Cox, M.P.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

in imaginary matrimony, she has denied it with laughter that left no doubts as to the freedom of her spirit. She has, it is true, very dear friends—six very close friends. But they happen to be all girls.



ENGAGED TO MR. REGINALD WINTERBOTTOM: THE HON. MRS. FESTING SMITH.

Mrs. Festing Smith is the eldest daughter of Lord Kingsale, thirty-third baron and premier baron of Ireland. She was born in 1880, was married in 1900 to Mr. Alfred Charles Festing Smith, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., who died in 1908. She has a son and two daughters. Mr. Reginald Winterbottom lives at Cheltenham.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



ENGAGED TO MR. ROGER D. D. BROWNSON: THE HON. GWENLLIAN CLARE RICE.

Miss Gwenllian Rice is the youngest of the three daughters of the sixth Lord Dynevor, and was born in 1875. Mr. Roger D. Dawson-Duffield Brownson is the only son of the Rev. F. Brownson, of Compton Greenfield, Gloucestershire. The wedding was fixed to take place on the 26th.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

now become an established success. And the Duke will not long be one house short, for, besides buying his large tract of land in Canada and settling Sutherlandshire farmers there, he intends to build a big house of his own.



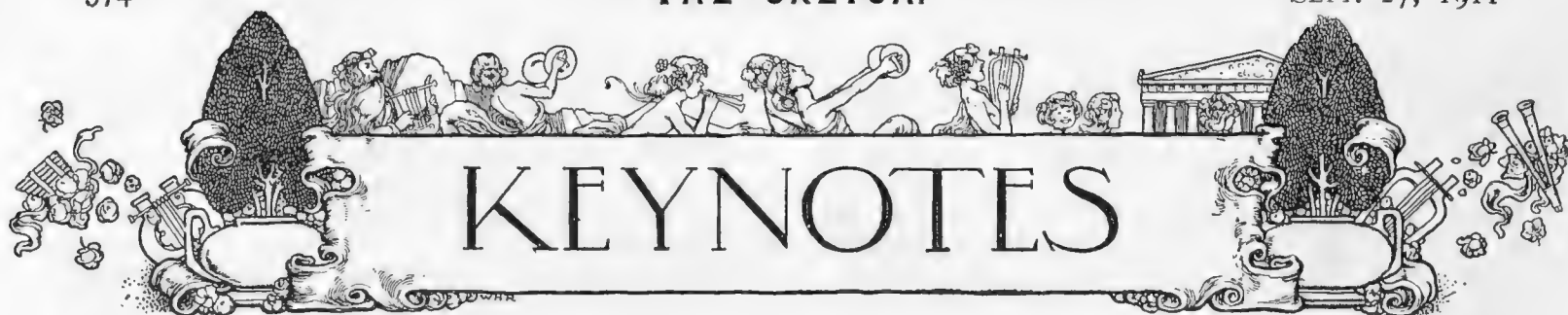
*The Poetic Dog! No. VIII.—The Scottish Terrier.*

FROM THE PAINTING BY MAUD EARL.



"PERHAPS IT WAS RIGHT TO DISSEMBLE YOUR LOVE; BUT WHY DID YOU KICK ME DOWNSTAIRS?"





# KEYNOTES

**A**MONG the promises made by Mr. Hammerstein in connection with his great musical venture are two or three of more than passing interest. He says he will find writers competent to translate into good English the libretti of the operas

upon which he depends, that he will require his leading singers to study our language in the interests of the section of the public that likes to hear foreign works sung in English, and that he will take definite steps to produce an English opera by a British composer. There is much to be said of all these excellent intentions, provided we remember how "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." Perhaps the least attractive is the proposal to have French, German, or Italian operas sung in English. We do not suffer from Chauvinism in these islands, and welcome freely the work, what-

fourth work will, in all probability, be of far greater worth and significance than his first and second; but if he cannot get a hearing he will not give long years to endeavour. The budding author finds it easier by far to gain an audience. Should he start by pleasing only a few readers they will help him along by speaking of his first work to their friends, and enlarging the audience for the next. There is small outlay—an edition of the ordinary six-shilling book costs the publisher about fifty pounds, and a sale of three hundred copies will save a loss; but the production of an opera may cost one hundred times as much, and a bad first performance may damn it for all time.

Mr. Hammerstein has a scheme for the benefit of the British composer who has in his brain or in his desk a grand opera with possibilities of popularity. Like Mr. Jingle, he does not



TO APPEAR AT THE LONDON PAVILION VERY SOON: MISS AIMEE ROBERTS.

Miss Roberts begins an engagement at the London Pavilion on Oct. 9, when she will give songs which are a series of character impressions. She is a vaudeville recruit from the musical-comedy stage, and has just been engaged by Mr. Robert Arthur for three years to play principal boy in his pantomimes; she will probably be at Kennington this year.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Bayfield.]

ever the country of origin, that has artistic merit we can appreciate. It is of great importance that good translations of foreign libretti should be made, for most of the existing ones are extremely bald and quite worthless from any standpoint; but they are required as guides to the perplexed rather than as substitutes for the composer's original libretto. The books that have guided and inspired musicians, living and dead, are seldom to be judged by the translations for which the public is asked to pay a price out of all proportion to their worth. These translations have been made by men whose gifts, if any, have been limited to a knowledge more or less reliable of English and the language of the original libretto, and a certain sense of fear lest their chosen words should not have the accents in the right place. In order to see that the words can be sung to the music, their workshop has been turned into something like the bed of Procrustes, and they misuse their words as the Greek robber is supposed to have misused his captives. A translation should endeavour to convey in the fullest measure such charm as the original libretto contains, and if it can do this, the average visitor to the opera will be quite satisfied.

If we do not have any great admiration for grand opera in English, it is because few British or English-speaking composers have written grand opera that is worth hearing. This truth may not be palatable, but it is not the less indisputable. If we had the genius for grand opera that has been granted to Frenchmen, Germans, and, above all, to Italians, we should find admirable libretti in the English language. The difficulty is not with the author but with the composer, and there is little encouragement for a composer, however gifted, for he will need to overcome a very serious initial prejudice. Indeed, unless his work should secure the cachet of a Continental success, he would have but a small chance of finding a hearing for it in England. Be it remembered that no man enters the operatic arena fully equipped; his third or



FORMERLY THE "HEN PHEASANT," NOW OF FARCE: MISS FRANCES KAPSTOWNE.

Miss Kapstowne, it will be remembered, first gained public favour in London as the Hen Pheasant of an Empire revue skit on "Chantecler." She is now at the Alhambra in the musical farce, "Freddy's Flat." She was "missing" for some while recently, suffering from loss of memory, and her temporary disappearance caused some consternation.—[Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]

presume to dictate; perhaps he has sufficient responsibilities just now without embarking upon a course of action that must at once divide musical London into opposing camps. He proposes to call a conference of editors and musical critics and to take their advice upon the question of an English opera. In theory this proposal is at least harmless; it has an element of interest. But with some knowledge of the labours of editors *de die in diem*, and of musical critics in the season when three engagements in the twenty-four hours are not regarded as anything out of the common, I am wondering whether the summons will meet with a satisfactory response. The number of editors who can find relaxation from their daily labours in the consideration of Mr. Hammerstein's quest is probably extremely limited, and the musical critics competent to express an opinion are extremely busy men, who, in return for modest remuneration, are expressing opinions for at least six days out of seven and find that the pastime is apt to pall. Even though the notorious sense of duty common to editors and musical critics should avail to turn them from the pleasant paths of Fleet Street, of what avail will be their collective wisdom while the long-sought composer remains conspicuous by his, or her, absence? Present-day conditions do not tend to raise in our midst a writer of grand opera, and a committee of gentlemen who claim occult powers would be just as likely to point out where the missing man of genius must be sought. The suggestion that editors and critics have a special measure of sagacity and a rare capacity to advise is very flattering, and would be still more convincing if the impresario were not so often heard attributing his remarkable success to the fact that he never takes advice; but it is still possible to see a Fleet Street Commission assembled under Mr. Hammerstein's chairmanship, yet London doomed to remain without a popular grand opera composed by a British musician. This is very sad, but then this is a sad world, and we have to do the best we can with it.—COMMON CHORD.



DISCOVERED BY MISS AMY SHERWIN: MISS STELLA CAROL.

Little Miss Carol, who is fourteen, was discovered by Miss Amy Sherwin singing for her living in a Hampstead lane. She will make her professional debut at her own vocal recital at Queen's Hall on Nov. 13.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



## WHEN THE SATCHEL BECOMES SACK: THE LATEST "BAGS."



## AND WOMAN STILL GRUMBLES AT BEING POCKETLESS! THE NEW SATCHEL—"THE WEEK-END"!

Pocketless woman has progressed from purse to hand-bag, from hand-bag to satchel. Now, we are told, the satchel is to give way to the "sack"—in the form here illustrated. Rumour whispers that this newest of "bags" for ladies is to become popular before long in Paris and in New York—we shall wait and see! Meantime, we would suggest that it be called "the week-end," for it might well contain goods and chattels sufficient for a visit of that period.

*Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.*



## A "SKETCH" TRIO.



MIKE: How 's the wife, Pat? Is she better?

PAT: No, she's terrible sick.

MIKE: Is it dangerous she is?

PAT: No, she's far too bad to be dangerous any more.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



JAMES: 'Ello, 'Erb! Never 'ticipated seein' your 'an'some face again. Thought you were so sick o' the way the world 'ad treated you that you was goin' ter shoot yerself.

'ERB: I 'adn't the nerve, mite. W'en I 'eld the pistol to me ear, I bloomin' near frightened meself to death.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



THE NOVICE (who has 'holed out' in one): Gee whiz! Do you know, I thought I'd missed it!

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



THE PASSING OF THE PATRON: A STUDY IN WORSHIP!



ALL THIS FOR 3D., 6D., AND 1S.: THE ENTRY INTO THE CINEMATOGRAPH SHOW.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.





\* THREE SCORE YEARS AND EIGHT AN ACTRESS.

MRS. CHARLES CALVERT is one of the good old school whose every performance is not only a delight, but an eloquent proof, if not an absolute revelation, of the value of the stock company training, which taught versatility above everything and had but the merest nodding acquaintance with the specialising now practised to so great an extent that it has caused the actors of to-day as a body to be likened to those learned men of Harley Street whose mission in life it is to deal with but one phase of the many ills that flesh is heir to. Her words, then, are of knowledge. Writing of those times in which her father, Mr. James Biddles, was principal comedian in the employ of a Mr. Harvey, who was manager of a circuit, she says: "The work was hard, because in all theatres the bill was changed every night—even Drury Lane and Covent Garden altered their programmes each evening. An actress had to find all her own costumes, and as the sewing-machine was not then invented, the alteration and retrimming of dresses was a tedious and daily task. Added to this, the salaries were miserably small." Long

runs and anniversary performances were unknown. "Benefits," "Bespeak Nights," and the coming of "stars" may be said to have taken the place of those evenings of congratulations all round which crop up periodically during the progress of a first-rate "box-office" production. The use of the Benefit is obvious; it might bring the *beneficiaire* a most welcome addition to income—Mrs. Calvert's first, at Southampton, enriched her purse by £8.15s. As preface to a

"Bespeak Night," the manager, or his representative, waited upon some local magnate, soliciting his patronage. "If the local magnate acquiesced, he selected the evening, and also *bespoke* the play, and the evening's entertainment was announced as under the patronage of his Worship the Mayor, or of that of Lieutenant-Colonel So-and-so, whose friends would then fill the dress circle and whose tradesmen would think it their duty to appear in the pit; so that a numerous and brilliant audience could be counted on." The "star" system was not as it is now. "Stars" brought no actors with them—"they brought only themselves, and relied upon the stock company for their support." The playgoer of the present does not stand in need of assurance that a great change has come about. "In looking back," says Mrs. Calvert, "it comes upon me vividly that the old intolerant spirit of Puritanism which abhorred the stage has been slowly dying a lingering death." Actors' children are no longer turned from school, as was Phelps' daughter, and as was Alfred Wigan's son, on discovery that their fathers were players. "As this spirit of intolerance died away . . . plays could be run for a whole week, thus reducing the labour of study and rehearsals. . . . The stage then became very attractive to young ladies and gentlemen. . . . The bonds of caste were thereby loosened. The leading tragedian could no longer ignore the 'utility' man who was playing his lackey, as the gentleman who played the lackey might be an Oxford or a Cambridge man, and a member of the same club. . . . The stage has now become one of the most precarious professions in existence,

and it is still overcrowded, despite the enormous increase in the number of theatres. And yet, in spite of this strong amateur element, I feel justified in saying that the stage has never possessed more talent, or shown more artistic work, than it does now. We may not, perhaps, have a Michael Angelo in our art, but we have scores of Meissoniers, David Wilkies, and Hogarths."

So much for the old and the new. Let us turn to the Anecdote. At Southampton, Mrs. Calvert and Miss Mary Seyton were walking ladies—and Miss Seyton was none other than Miss Braddon. At Brighton, later, the two met again, and Miss Seyton was writing a novel. "She soon after went to London, and it was not long after that she fascinated the fiction-loving public with her powerful novel, 'Lady Audley's Secret.'" Irving Mrs. Calvert first knew as "walking gentleman," at the Royal, Manchester: "he was not, at first, a success. He had peculiarities of gait and speech, against which the representatives of the Press launched all their powers of depreciation and sarcasm; . . . but, as Griffith says of

Wolsey, 'he was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.'" Of Toole and his generosity it is written: "I remember, too, when Toole was playing an exceptionally fine engagement with us, that he said laughingly, 'Oh, by the way, Calvert, if my wife comes down next week, don't say anything about the big receipts. You see, I've a lot of nephews and nieces, and they all expect tips from Uncle Johnnie. Last year they had over four hundred pounds from me, and my wife thinks I rather over-



SPECK-IN-THE-GARDEN PORTRAITURE: MME. SIMONE, THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACTRESS, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE NEWEST MANNER.

Photograph by H. Manuel.

do it." Charles Reade figures in a pathetic story. Mrs. Calvert and her youngest daughter called on him after the death of his lady housekeeper, Mrs. Seymour, and tea with two cups and saucers were brought in. "To my great surprise, he [Reade] suddenly stopped speaking, rose with a vacant look upon his face, and held out his hand, signifying good-bye. And, as we left the house, I remembered having heard that, ever since the death of Mrs. Seymour, her place at the table had always been laid." Edwin Booth, Mrs. Calvert relates, had a carriage accident which "resulted in a fearfully shrivelled and distorted arm; and in 'Richard III.' he drew up his sleeve and showed it—as the result of Jane Shore's witchcraft. A shudder used often to pass round the house, and he said to me, 'And I am often complimented on the way in which it is made up!'"

These be but a few pickings from a book which is full of excellent things and must become familiar to all to whom the play is more than passing show, the player more than a fleeting shadow. No one interested in the theatre and those who have made it what it is can afford to refuse it a reading, re-readings, and honoured shelf-room. No one who retains prejudice against the actor and his art can gain anything but a more open mind from it, and, let us hope, a desire to become playgoer. There are passages in it calculated to "reform" even those as thoroughly narrow as that Philadelphian dentist who refused to draw the "raging tooth" of Miss Booth's maid, Bessie, because she was a negress, saying, "I am really very sorry for you, but you see, if by any chance it was known that my instruments had touched a coloured woman, I should lose the whole of my practice."

OFF LICENSE!



THE PARSON: Dear, dear! It's very sad to see you in this condition again! Why, I thought you had joined the Blue Ribbon Army.  
 THE VILLAGE BACKSLIDER: Yesh, parshon, sho I have; but thatsh orlri, my badge's on my other coat.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



# DETECTIVE INSPECTOR CHANCE

## BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

### VIII.—THE MYSTERY OF THE LITTLE NEWSAGENT.

I HAD been present at a trial at the Old Bailey. The case was a remarkable one, but what specially interested me was an element of mystery which nothing in the evidence given in court dispelled.

That the man in the dock was guilty no one doubted for a moment when the case for the Crown had been brought to a close. But no one who went into the witness-box furnished the slightest clue as to the circumstances which first caused the suspicion of the police to rest upon the prisoner.

At the trial there was no attempt made to prove that the assassin and his victim had been previously acquainted. The crime was committed late at night in one of the rural environs of London, and only discovered next morning at daylight. No one had seen the two men together, no one came forward to swear that the prisoner was seen on the spot or even in the district before or after the crime.

But the police had in some mysterious way acquired information which justified them in arresting this man and searching his rooms. After the arrest they were able to forge, link by link, a chain of evidence which no jury could ignore.

A few days after my experience at the Old Bailey I met Inspector Chance, and I at once appealed to him to enlighten me.

"The merest accident may have directed the attention of the police to this man," he said. "Some years ago I was concerned in a case in which we were following a clue that every day was leading us farther and farther from the truth. But one evening I stumbled—I am using the word in its literal sense—upon the real clue.

"To hear a famous detective confess that he 'stumbled' upon the truth is interesting," I said with a smile. "What was the case?"

"Oh, you will recognise it when I tell you the story," replied Chance. "It made plenty of talk at the time, and the police were complimented on their remarkable skill, on 'a brilliant piece of detective work,' and it was really a lucky chance."

Then the Inspector told me the story of "The Mystery of the Little Newsagent."

"At seven o'clock in the morning in the early spring an errand-boy came whistling along abroad thoroughfare in the East End, and stopped outside a little newspaper and stationery shop.

"The proprietor of the shop was a Miss Hamper, an elderly maiden lady who lived alone on the premises. She was a dear old soul, and to many of her neighbours was known as 'the Little Newsagent.'

"The old lady generally opened the door before the boy came along to take the shutters down, as some of her trade was done with early passing customers. So John Ellis was not at all astonished when he found the door of the shop unfastened. He pushed it back and went in, expecting to see his mistress behind the counter. But there was no one in the shop. The boy waited, thinking Miss Hamper had gone up to her room and would be down in a moment. A customer came in who was in a hurry, and the boy not being able to serve him, the customer went to the counter and rapped on it with a stick.

"As he leaned forward, he caught sight of something which caused him to utter an exclamation of horror.

"Behind the counter lay the old lady, and one glance at the upturned face was sufficient to reveal the fact that she had been struck down with some blunt instrument and left for dead where she lay.

"A passing policeman was called in, a doctor summoned, and

an inspector with a couple of plain-clothes men was quickly on the spot, and in a very short time Scotland Yard was represented on the scene.

"The motive of the crime was quickly apparent. The till had been roughly pulled out and the old lady's room upstairs had been ransacked. Some jewellery which she was known to possess was missing, and a drawer in which she kept a small sum of ready money had been forced open and the contents extracted. But a most careful search failed to reveal any finger-prints or any article left behind by the criminal or criminals.

"The doctor thought that death had occurred about an hour before he saw the body, and that fixed the time at about six o'clock in the morning.

"Our first task was to find people who had been passing along at about the time it was likely that the crime was committed.

"The only valuable statement obtained during the day was that of a van-boy. Opposite Miss Hamper's shop there was an early coffee-house. Just before six o'clock in the morning a boy who had left his van outside the coffee-house while he went in to get his breakfast came to the door to see if his horses were all right, and noticed two young men on the other side of the way.

"He saw them walk past the shop a little way, then turn and walk back past it again.

"He stated that one of the young men was stout and short, that the other was thin and a head taller than his companion; that the stout one had the walk of a seafaring man, and that the taller one walked more like a soldier, and a few hours later we had information from a man who said he had seen two men come out of the shop just after six o'clock and that he could recognise one of them again.

"But the day after the discovery of the crime, we received information which led us entirely in a different direction. We had information that a hawker named Dan Brady, who had been living in one of the low lodging-houses in the neighbourhood, had gone out very early on the morning of the day of the crime, and he had not returned to his old haunt; but in the afternoon he had been seen by some of his fellow-lodgers, whom he had treated.

"I was one of the officers engaged to run Dan Brady to earth. In order to go into some of the places that I thought Brady might be lying low in, I had made myself up as a tramp. I was shuffling along the Whitechapel Road one night, about nine o'clock, and peering into the public-houses that I thought Brady might be likely to drop into, when all of a sudden I measured my length on the pavement.

"Looking about me instead of in front of me, I had stumbled over the box of a bootblack boy. I picked myself up as well as I could, but I was not able to go on again at once. The fall had not only shaken me considerably, but it had made me temporarily lame.

"So I turned down a side-street and rested for a while with my back against the wall—an attitude by no means out of keeping with the character I had assumed.

"When I had pulled myself together and my legs felt a little less shaky, I started off again, but I was compelled to go slowly. I was limping along when I suddenly caught sight of an old woman at the door of a house. She was looking keenly and, as I thought, nervously, up and down the street.

"It was a side-door entrance to a house, the front portion of which was a little shop. In the window I saw a ticket, 'Rooms to Let,' and I concluded the old lady was a lodger. The passage into which the door opened was in darkness. It was the old woman's manner which first attracted my attention.

[Continued overleaf.]

## Sensations We Particularly Dislike:

Materialised by G. A. Studdy.





"I don't know that I should have stopped to see what was going to happen if the old woman, after looking up and down the street, had not suddenly retired into the darkness, leaving the door open.

"A young man came along quickly and turned into the entrance, the door of which was instantly closed. But he did not get in before I had had a good look at him. He was a short, stout young fellow, and he had the walk of a seafaring man.

"I crossed the road and looked up at the windows of the house. There was no light on the second floor, but presently I saw a light appear in the third-floor front, and I made up my mind that that was where the young fellow and his mother, or whatever relation she was to him, had gone.

"My impression was that the young man was a crook and the old woman a receiver.

"While I was watching the house a familiar face came in sight. Detective-Sergeant Meesom, of Leman Street, passed me in plain clothes.

"I limped up to his side. 'There's something up, Meesom,' I said. 'There's a young chap gone into the house opposite. He is up on the third floor. I fancy he'll come out soon. If he does, have a look at him. You might know him.'

"Meesom found a convenient doorway out of the light, and we watched. In about half-an-hour we saw the young man come out and walk quickly along until a tram passed him. He hailed it and got on the top. Meesom, who had followed, whispered to me 'I know him.'

"Then you get inside,' I said, 'and I'll get on the top.'

"The tram went on toward the docks. The young man got off just before the docks terminus was reached. I limped out as quickly as I could, but Meesom had started off without me. I came up with him just in time to see the short, stout young man join three people who were waiting at the corner of a badly lighted street. They were two young women and a young man.

"The group kept together for a minute or two, and then I saw that the one young fellow was short and stout and walked like a seafaring man, and the other was tall and thin and walked as if he had been drilled.

"I only know one,' said Meesom. 'He has been through my hands for assault and attempted robbery. His name is Jack Misters.'

"These men answer the description given by the van-boy,' I said. 'We must find out more about them.'

"While we were wondering how we should keep them under observation without attracting their attention the group suddenly disappeared. At the back lay a network of narrow streets and alleys and in this network they had vanished.

"The next morning we took two rooms over a shop exactly opposite the old woman's place, and there Meesom and the van-boy were installed. Through the thin half-blinds we had fixed up at the windows they were able to see everything that went on opposite without being noticed. Two plain-clothes men were placed in the street for shadowing purposes, and a limping tramp lolled about and 'rested' after the manner of his weary kind.

"Meesom and the boy were in the rooms for three days before anything happened. Then, about six o'clock one evening, Jack Misters paid another visit to the old woman, who, we had ascertained, was his mother.

"I'm sure that is one of the men I saw outside the newspaper shop,' said the van-boy to Meesom. Misters, after staying half-an-hour, took the tram as before, and the two plain-clothes men were his fellow-travellers. They 'tracked him to his lair,' as they say in the story-books, and returned with the information that he was living in the same house as the tall, soldierly young man, who was known, they had ascertained, as Alf Anson, and was employed as a runner by a street bookmaker.

"The two men were now located, but we had to get something more incriminating than their mere presence in the street on the morning of the murder. We knew that the jewellery stolen was not of great value, but we had got to trace it and to bring its possession home to one of the men who had been seen outside the shop in order to have a good case. But before we had got any evidence, the men, in spite of our vigilance, had managed to disappear.

"They were seen going into their lodging late one night, and they were not there the next morning.

"Then I took up my residence in the rooms opposite with Meesom. We did not think for a moment that the old woman imagined that her son was implicated in the newspaper-shop tragedy.

But he had been through the hands of the police, and he might have told her he was in trouble.

"That would account for her anxiety when she expected him, and we could see from our observation that the old lady was undoubtedly anxious now.

"Every evening after dark she came to the door, watched for a certain time, and then went in again.

"On the third evening after the disappearance of the men my attention was attracted by a young woman. 'Look at that girl,' I said to Meesom. 'She has passed by the door every night at the same time, and every evening, directly she has passed, the old woman has gone in and shut the door. We shall see if the same thing happens to-night.'

"It did not. The girl came as far as the door, and then deliberately turned back again, and then the old woman stepped back into the passage, but she left the door open.

"It is a signal,' I exclaimed. 'Somebody will come.'

"You watch,' said Meesom. 'I am off after that girl. She is in touch with the men, wherever they are.' He was off and in the street in a moment.

"A little later on I saw Jack Misters coming along, and he slipped into the house. I waited and watched till midnight, and he did not come out. 'The old lady has made him up a bed in the back room,' I said to myself. 'He is going to lie quiet here for a bit.'

"I went down into the street and posted one of my men handy, with instructions that if Jack Misters came out he was to be detained till I had seen him. Then I went to the police-station to see the superintendent and consult him as to the next move.

"On the way there I met Meesom. 'We have got them!' he exclaimed. 'The girl led me straight to where Anson and Misters have been hiding. Anson was there. I said to him, "Alf, I want you. You will have to go as far as the station with me." At the station I searched him.'

"And what did you find?' I asked eagerly.

"Nothing but a piece torn out of an evening paper, folded up in his waistcoat pocket. It was a piece of "latest news" in connection with the murder, and was a statement to the effect that the police were following up an important clue and endeavouring to ascertain the whereabouts of a hawker who had left a doss-house very early one morning and had been seen afterwards with money in his possession.'

"Anson was in custody, and that night we arrested Jack Misters in the house which we had been keeping under observation.

"Once we had the men, the work of fixing up their time round about the period of the crime was not very difficult.

"A woman in the house the men had lodged in furnished us with the information that, on the important day, the two men were called early in the morning and went out together. The early calling was quite a remarkable event, because, as a rule, the men did not trouble to get up till nine, and sometimes ten, in the morning.

"We got another witness who had seen Anson the day before in the Little Newsagent's shop, making a small purchase. He was, of course, taking stock of the premises. We found that, the night before the murder, one of the men had borrowed a shilling, and that on the afternoon of the murder they had been seen with gold in their possession.

"The two men made practically no defence, and utterly failed to account for their unusual early rising on the morning of the crime; and the jury, on the evidence we were able to furnish, had no difficulty in bringing in a verdict of Guilty.

"It was said at the time that the police evidence was the 'flimsiest' on which two men had ever been convicted. The facts that led the police to arrest Jack Misters and Alf Anson were anything but 'flimsy.' What we saw while keeping the suspects and their friends under observation left no doubt in our minds that we had found the guilty men."

"And that's how you 'stumbled' on the crime?" I said as Inspector Chance finished his story.

"Yes. But for the accident I should long before anything happened have passed the house in which the old lady was keeping watch for her son, and I should not have seen the short young man with the sailor's walk enter it.

"But for that chance stumble over a bootblack's box the murderers of the Little Newsagent might never have been brought to justice."



# ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

## The R. and A. Meeting.

The time has come again for the greatest of all the autumn festivals of golf and for what is the nearest thing we have to an annual meeting of a legislative assembly, for on Tuesday of this week there took place once more the annual business meeting of the Royal and Ancient club at St. Andrews, and on the following day the autumn meeting for play, when the historic medals presented by King William IV. and Queen Adelaide are competed for by a field of players which, though confined to the premier club, is generally fairly representative of what is best in amateur golf in this country. In the evening, the banquet of the members is held in the club-house, when what might be called the regalia of the great and ancient kingdom of golf are displayed and certain rites are observed, new members being called upon to kiss clubs and to swear certain declarations of loyalty to the ancient traditions and spirit of the great and noble pastime to which they have had the honour to become attached. Later in the week is the annual ball, at which the members and their lady relatives and friends finally make jollity. It is often the subject of innocent but peculiar comment by the natives of the humbler order who are associated with the game and know the participants well. Andrew Kirkaldy, who is now dignified with the office of professional to the chief club, was once upon a time invited to go round to the hall and take a peep through the door at the dancers as they were gaily dancing, and it was not to be expected that such a shrewd observer and commentator on things would let this occasion pass entirely without saying something about it that was likely to be remembered. One day, later, when out on the links, somebody asked him what sort of a golfer a certain gentleman really was, and then "Andra" delivered his pearl of thought. "He's yin o' yon polka gowfers," was the cryptic answer. "One of what? What do you mean by 'polka golfers'?" was the question which naturally followed. "Oh, ye ken well enoo!" was Andrew's reply. "First aff the heel, and then aff the toe, man. Ye ken them fine!" Such is an association of ideas of which Andrew Kirkaldy is better capable than any other man.

**The Royal Medals.** The King William IV. medal, which was presented by the then reigning monarch at the beginning of 1837—his Majesty at that time having "great satisfaction in availing himself of this opportunity to evince his approbation of that ancient institution"—is now, and has for always been, the most coveted prize in any purely club event in golf, and, played for every year since it was first instituted, it has been won by some of the most distinguished golfers of their respective periods—indeed,

it has hardly ever been won by any other than a distinguished golfer.



DEFEATED BY MR. H. H. HILTON IN THE FINAL OF THE UNITED STATES AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. FRED HERRESHOFF.

Mr. Hilton defeated Mr. Herreshoff on the 37th green at Apawamis, and so won the amateur golf championship of the United States. Mr. Hilton was 4 up at the end of the first round. Of his opponent, Mr. Hilton said Mr. Herreshoff played magnificent golf, and, moreover, exceedingly plucky golf, remarking, further, that the supremacy of American over British golf is but a matter of a very few years.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



B(ALFOUR) M(UST) G(ET) OUT OF TROUBLE: MR. BALFOUR BUNKERED AT ST. ANDREWS.

Photograph by Central News

In the long roll of winners no name figures so frequently as that of the wonderful veteran, Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville, who has captured it on no fewer than seven occasions, and tied for it again—being beaten on the play-off—as recently as three Septembers since. Again, it is noteworthy that Mr. Mure Fergusson—who, like Mr. Balfour Melville, was a recent captain of the club—has won the medal six times, and no other player can come near these remarkable records, even Mr. Laidlay, who, with Mr. John Ball, has perhaps won more medals of all kinds than anyone else, only having registered three firsts. The play is one round by strokes of the old course; the firing of a gun on the foreshore marks the beginning of the competition day, and another is fired when the last card has been returned. Some great triumphs have been achieved and sad tragedies enacted in the many competitions for this trophy; and, if they could speak, what tales the seventeenth hole, with its famous road adjoining the putting-green, and the short eleventh hole also, flanked by terrible bunkers with the Eden beyond, could tell of the fine efforts that they have foiled!

## The New Captain.

The Royal Adelaide medal is a very different concern. The competition that takes place for it is not a real competition, for the medal is coupled with the Silver Club, and the captain-elect for the year, who "plays himself in" on this great day by driving a ball from the first tee, and leaving it at that, no others opposing him, becomes the holder of the club and medal; and in the evening he is installed

in his office, wearing the medal which the Queen who gave it—she was Duchess of St. Andrews as well as Queen—specially desired he should, distinguishing him from the other captains present, their uniforms being all alike. So, what with one thing and another, there is great form and ceremony and much observance of tradition and dignity at this great annual assembly, which, as I have aforetime remarked, comes nearer to being a kind of Lord Mayor's Day in golf than anything else. But the purely business side is an important one also, though how important it is we rarely know until afterwards. The Rules Committee makes recommendations, and they are considered by the general meeting: it may be that some new statutes are placed upon the book or old ones altered. This committee has borne much criticism from various quarters in recent times, but it goes on its way with a fine imperturbability, and nobody can question its splendid impartiality or the great excellence of its work in upholding the very best traditions and spirit of the game. So, long live the Royal and Ancient club!



## FRIVOLITIES

## OF PHRYNETTE

## ON A SUGGESTED CHANGE IN THE GEOGRAPHY OF FASHION.

By MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

THAT'S what comes of a nation having had men of genius, and reading their works, and believing what they say. Everybody knows that second-hand genius is very bad for one. If there had been no Keats, or if he had never written that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," they would not be menacing us now with dresses that will wear for ever and ever. Worth forbids!

I am not angry, I am not even "treating it with contempt," which really is the acme of furor; no, I am not even shrugging my shoulders at the notion—a gesture which has soothed me in the most enervating circumstances, and not only me but the whole French race. A shrug, and the annoyance slips off your back, *comme ça*. I dare not even shrug—not that I have become too English for that, but I am in evening dress, and the annoyance might not slip off alone, so that I must be content to accentuate the shape of my nose, which is unclassical and disdainful by nature. London a fashion centre! Oh, la la! Then I make a ball of the *Morning Post* with the energy of indignation and throw it from the deck of the steamer into the sea towards Trouville, where

elegant women in elegant clothes are certainly far from imagining that their frocks will have in future to come from London to be fashionable.

Thus the *Morning Post*: read and disbelieve, not that worthy paper, but its predictions. The article is headed "London as a Fashion Centre—A Change in Progress," and then says, "The influence of Paris as a fashion centre is likely to be rivalled." It only requires English

producers and costumiers to agree as to the modes, and "Paris might have to give place to London as a dictator of fashion," and so on. "The Paris creation," it is stated, "is often a dream and nothing more."

"A dream"—exactly. Who wants

harem a nice man is allowed, and they want to deprive him even of that! A woman in different frocks is a different woman, and not only in appearance, but in temperament and manners. She is kittenish in a short dress; in a trailing one, hemming her round, she cannot be otherwise than dignified and prudent. In a high-necked gown, she is proud, with tilted chin—her collar-bones see to that. The sheath dress is a great comfort, not to the wearer but to those responsible for her and her dignity—they know she will never stoop, not even to conquer.

In a fancy dress Woman is the soul of unconventionality, and wise husbands should choose themselves the costumes of their more emotional half. Let her be a Joan of Arc, by all means, but not a *vivandière* nor a Pompadour, nor the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. For with Woman you must trust appearances. She is what her dress is. Let her have gun and gaiters, a cocky feather cockade over the left eye, and she is sure to make a victim before the day's shooting is over. A yachting cap and gilt buttons—nautical terms roll off her tongue with charming impartiality, each as it comes; and she looks at the sky with the puckered wisdom of the old mariner. It's all my lady can do to prevent herself from chewing that blonde, firm, clean-cut tobacco that smells of honey and that men carry in a pouch. She is even tempted to swear at an unlucky manoeuvre—so much tempted that sometimes . . . haven't you noticed that the waters of the Solent had a rosy hue?

But let us return to the folds. London will never be a fashion centre, because London is always taking the substance for the shadow. A dress is not a suet-pudding. A good fabric never yet made a good dress. A poem can be written on kitchen paper. Frocks to ravish a

woman's soul have been cut out of twopence-halfpenny *zéphir*—ask the Paris midinette. And a thing—a thing without a name, but ugly enough to set your teeth a-gnashing—can be committed out of a cloth of gold.

The perfect *couturier* must be—a sculptor, a painter, a man of the world, a dare-woman, a cynic, a lover of femininity, a pitiless tormentor, an inconsistent despot, a pioneer, an angel who fears to tread, a strategist, a dreamer, a merchant, and, before all, a renegade. He must have the soul of a Chinaman in his disregard for woman's bodily comfort, and the ingenuity of a Japanese dwarf tree-grower. An Englishman will never make a great *couturier*—he is too much of a man.

"A dream"—yes, an illusion. Illusion has been called a "divine lie"—very applicable to a dress, don't you think?—and charitable lies should be not only permitted but encouraged. The optimistic patriots who want to alter Fashion's geography should know one thing more—a dress is not made of stuff. It's made by closing your eyes and dreaming hard.



WIFE OF THE STRIKE-SETTLER: LADY ASKWITH.

Before her marriage to Sir George Ranken Askwith (then "Mr."), which took place in 1908, Lady Askwith was the widow of Major Henry Graham, 20th Hussars. She is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Peel, of Westlea, Broxbourne. Sir George Askwith, familiarly known as the Strike Settler, received a well-merited knighthood the other day. He has been Comptroller-General of the Commercial, Labour, and Statistical Departments of the Board of Trade since 1909. He is a son of the late General W. H. Askwith, Colonel Commandant R.A.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



MISS PHILLIS HOLLAND, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. CHARLES MARTIN HICKLEY WAS FIXED FOR THE 26TH.

Miss Holland is the second daughter of the late Mr. William Gaskell Holland and of Mrs. Holland, of Gell-y-Vorwyn, Talycain, North Wales. Mr. C. M. Hickley, of the Soudan Civil Service, is a son of the late Admiral H. D. Hickley.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.

to be turned into reality? A dream that endures becomes a nightmare. "A dream"—that's just what it should be. We have no wish to be leather-bound. We don't want our last year's frocks to be wearable this year. Suppose they were—oh, calamity! Half the salt of woman's life would melt in her tears. Gone the planning, the anticipation, the secrecy from our dearest rivals when the dress is in the making, gone the shopping and the matching and the interviews with your favourite *première*, who manages so admirably to be both subservient and patronising—a slave yet an arbiter. Gone the surprise of your friends, the spite of your lady friends, the re-kindled enthusiasm of your husband. For don't you be deceived by conventional libels against husbands! They are glad, the dear creatures, when you have a new dress and when that dress fits you well, as a new dress is bound to, being better adapted to your ever-changing figure (corsets are non-conservatives to their very bones). A wife with a well-replenished wardrobe is the nearest approach to a



MISS CHARLOTTE LITTLE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. PAUL ST. CLAIR, R.H.A., HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED.

Miss Little is the only child of Major Cosmo and Lady Guendolen Little, of Upton House, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, and is a niece of Lady Londonderry. Mr. Paul St. Clair is the second son of the Hon. Lockhart and Mrs. St. Clair.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TWIN GRANDSONS OF SIR GUY CAMPBELL, Bt.: MASTERS GUY AND DAVID CAMPBELL, SONS OF MR. AND MRS. GUY CAMPBELL.

Before her marriage to Mr. Guy Colin Campbell, eldest son of Sir Guy Campbell, Bt., which took place in 1909, Mrs. Guy Campbell was known as Miss Mary Arabella Swinnerton Kemys-Tynte, daughter of the late Mr. Halswell Milborne Kemys-Tynte, of Cefn Mably, Glamorganshire, and Halswell, Somerset.

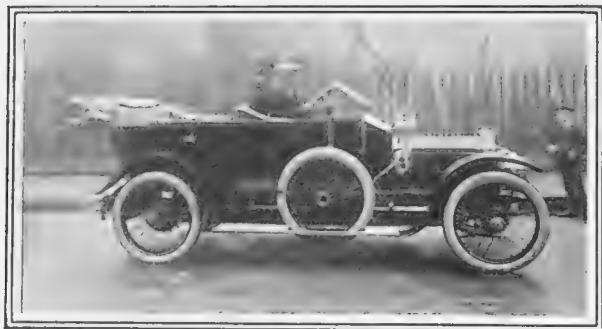
Photograph by M. Cooper.



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## Maps for Metropolitans.

The maps suitable for the pedestrian or cyclist do not entirely serve the motorist, owing to the comparative speed at which he covers the country. A sheet which the pedestrian will take four or five days, and the cyclist two or more days to cross is put out of use by the motorist in half a day or less. Consequently scales must be smaller and sheets or sections larger for use with an automobile, and the sheets which always seem most suitable to me are the four-miles-to-



**BRITISH THROUGHOUT: A SMART 15-H.P. STRAKER-SQUIRE OF THE 1911 MODEL.**

This excellent 15-h.p. Straker-Squire is a 1911 model, fitted with standard torpedo body, and is in every way up to the high level attained by all the automobiles by the same firm. Mr. Asa Thomas, its owner, is seen at the wheel.

the - inch sections published by Messrs. John Bartholomew and Co. Main roads, cross roads, and even lanes are given with sufficient clearness at this reduction, and in presentation, I prefer these publications to the Ordnance, which is not issued at less than one inch to a mile. The quarter-inch-to-mile contour road map of the environs of London just issued by the above firm will be found invaluable to all metropolitan-dwelling motorists, for it covers just enough country for a day's out-and-home run. Moreover, it is beautifully clear down to the smallest detail.

## The Petrol-Can-Opener Again.

Some few weeks ago I made a suggestion with regard to the opening of petrol-cans, and the desirability of some sort of opener being secured to and carried on the can. This proposal has brought me considerable correspondence, so that it is evident many of my readers share my views. A late correspondent very reasonably points out the possibility of the opener becoming detached and lost, and that its presence would be a temptation to unauthorised persons to tamper with the cans. My correspondent proposes to make use of the cap of the car petrol-tank itself, for, as he very reasonably points out, this cap must be unscrewed before the tank can be replenished. He sends me a sketch of a petrol-can cap, which is made with an interior projection fitting the incuts on it, and by means of which it can be easily unscrewed. I think the idea quite a good one, and recommend it to the attention of petrol-tank makers.

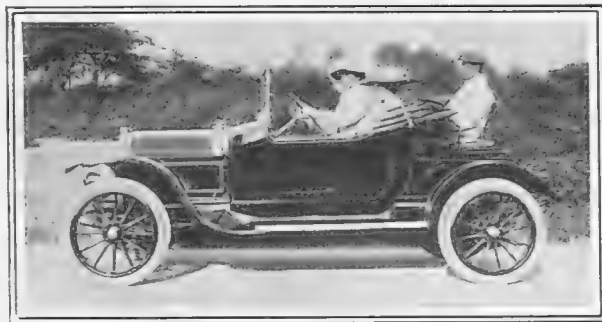
## Three New Humbers.

To discuss the possibilities of the Olympia Show seems to dismiss the summer, and, indeed, almost the autumn, yet by the time these words see the light, it—that is, the Exhibition—will only be some five weeks away.

Already many of the manufacturers have their new models ready. One firm—to wit, Messrs. Humber and Co.—will show no fewer than three new types. These will comprise an 11-h.p. four-cylinder car with the cylinders cast *en bloc*, bore 68 mm., and stroke 120 mm., a three-speed gear-box, with bevel-drive to the

back axle; the whole car, with smart two-seated body, fully equipped, to weigh not more than 16 cwt., and to sell for £205. This chassis will have Humber wire-wheels, and will compete most favourably with the alien cars now coming into the market. There will also be a new 14-h.p. four-cylinder, with cylinders cast in pairs, chain-drive to the cam-shaft, &c., three speeds, semi-elliptical springs throughout, and overhead worm-drive to the back axle. The last of the trio is the 20-h.p., four-cylinder,

a bigger brother of the 14-h.p., but having fourspeeds, with worm-drive and propeller-shaft-casing torque-tube; also Humber detachable wire-built wheels. The two latter cars are proportionately as cheap as the 11-h.p.



**WITH EXCELLENT B. H. S. BODY: A 20-H.P. STODDARD-TORPEDO MODEL.**

The Stoddard car is made by the United International Motors. The example here shown has an especially smart two-seated body by Messrs. Brown, Hughes, and Strachan, Ltd., of Shepherd's Bush. It is the first two-seated torpedo model of its make.

## Body-Adjustment.

It is to be hoped that body-makers will take to heart the gist of Mr. Austin's remarks delivered lately before the Institute of Carriage Builders. It is really high time that some steps were taken to make the driver's seat at least adjustable to the requirements of each and every driver. As things are at present, a chassis is bought and a body built thereto to suit the body and leg lengths of the initial purchaser, and this car will sell with difficulty second-hand to any but a man of similar proportions. Many a second-hand sale has been lost which could have been carried through with satisfaction to both parties had the driver's seat, particularly, been capable of reasonable adjustment both as to length from pedals and height from floor. It would make also for additional comfort if the back seats, too, were made adaptable in this way. What is one man's or woman's comfort in this respect is just the reverse for others.



**FARMING BY MACHINE: A 20-H.P. MOTOR- PLOUGH.**

This 20-h.p. Abeille cuts four furrows at a time, each furrow 30 centimetres wide, and from 1 metre 10 to 1 metre 20 in depth. It is claimed for it that it can deal with 3 kilometres (nearly two miles) an hour. It requires but one man to work it.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

## The Demon Boy!

The sooner the common irresponsible boy is taught that he must pay as much respect to motor-cars as heredity has taught him to accord to carriages the better. It is bad enough when, in the joy of his heart, he heaves bricks and filth at passing cars, but when the original sin within him leads him to take the brake off a car standing on an incline, and to leave the car to run amuck down a crowded street, it is surely time that he was restrained with a strong hand. The A.A. have just taken proceedings against a boy for this

interesting little trick, and it is to be hoped that severe punishment will be meted out to him in order to discourage the others. In the present case the loosed-off car mounted the pavement, narrowly missing two pedestrians, and ultimately collided with a tree.





# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**Futures.** Several races of more than ordinary attractiveness are to be decided in the near future. To-morrow one of the most important of them is to be run at Newmarket—that is, the Jockey Club Stakes of 10,000 sovs. There seems little reason for doubting that this rich prize will go to swell Lord Derby's winning account, for he can choose between King William, Stedfast, Bridge of Allan, Hair Trigger II., and Swynford. It seems strange to reflect that the best of this lot, Stedfast and Swynford, are each entitled to a 9-lb. breeding allowance. Horses that have done such brilliant work as these should not be entitled to any sort of allowance. Next Wednesday the second of the big long-distance races of the autumn, the Newbury Cup, is to be decided. Naturally, seeing that the distance of the event is two miles and a furlong, a good many of the horses entered are also in the Cesarevitch. Mirador is a notable example. Carbineer, who is in at 6 st. 10 lb., was believed to have stopped to kick in the Great Yorkshire Handicap, but I am told by a man who was close at hand that the horse simply slithered along on some grass that had been trodden down and was as slippery as ice. Elizabetha is in this race. She has not run this year, which suggests that some difficulty has been experienced in training her.



THE STOCK-WHIP CURLED ROUND FACE AND BODY WITHOUT DOING HARM: A FEAT BY MR. JEFFREY SILANT.

Mr. Jeffrey Silant, here shown with Mrs. Silant, is giving his remarkable performance with the stock-whip at the Palace Theatre.

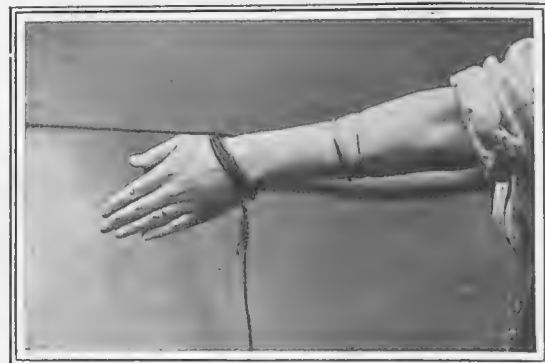
On the second day of the Newbury Meeting Prince Palatine and Stedfast could meet in the mile-and-quarter King'sclere Stakes. It may be that the St. Leger winner would find his superior in the other, especially seeing that Stedfast can claim a 7-lb. breeding allowance. Mr. T. Pilkington has a chance to find out how Prince Palatine compares with Swynford, for both are engaged in the Champion

Stakes, to be run at the Newmarket Second October Meeting; and, in the Liverpool St. Leger in November King William and Prince Palatine are both entered.

**Milers.** I notice that one or two critics hint that it is not absolutely certain that Hornet's Beauty stays more than a mile in a tremendously fast-run race like the Cambridgeshire. This is a very nebulous theory, and the only way to solve it would be to run the horse in that race. I am sure the great majority of the racing public would like to see the horse start, and I am equally sure that if he does he will be a great public favourite. The public, by the way, are very good judges as a rule, and when they know there is a good horse in a handicap they will back it, regarding the matter of weight as a minor consideration. With regard to the theory that Hornet's Beauty's best course is a mile or thereabouts, I am inclined to think that a miler of great speed is just the stamp of horse for the Cambridgeshire. I should say that Land League's best course is eight furlongs. He was sent out for all he was worth down the Bushes Hill, and thereby gained such a commanding lead that the impetus

gave him just enough lead at the all-important point. Hackler's Pride was another instance. On the occasions of her successive

wins she was ridden in the same way. A more recent example was Christmas Daisy. We are constantly told that "Hornet's Beauty has beaten nothing." A more unsatisfactory statement was never made, for it is not based on fact. A reference to the book of form will show that he has beaten some of the fastest horses in training over their own distances, and he beat Eton Boy at Liverpool as easily as Sunstar did in the Derby.



MANACLED BY A 30-FOOT THONG, A STOCK-WHIP TWIRLED ROUND THE WRISTS AND ACTING AS "HANDCUFFS."

Photograph by Halfpines.

**Harry Luke.**

Harry Luke, the old-time jockey, who has suffered the slings and arrows of misfortune in his later days, has broken fresh ground. I had a chat with him the other day respecting the publication of his reminiscences, and, thinking he wanted to put them through in the usual way, suggested who I thought would serve him best. That was not what he wanted, however. He was confident that he could sell 100,000 copies, and he merely wanted an estimate for printing his booklet, as he was willing to stand the risk of loss. Well, he has had his reminiscences printed, and has adopted quite a novel method in his attempt to sell them. Each copy is enclosed in a wrapper, on the reverse side of which he gives selections for the current day's racing. I gathered from what he told me that he intended working the meetings himself; and he looked well able to do so, being quite as active, both physically and mentally, as many men half his age. I wish him good luck. If he is half as good a vaticinator as he was a jockey, he will not be long in giving an order for a reprint. He is quite frank in his preface as to the author of whatever misfortune overtook him. He writes: "I can say truthfully I have tasted the sweet, and bitter fruits of the life of a jockey. I have not only been a jockey, but also a trainer and owner of racehorses. I have earned in one race what I should now deem a fortune, and had I taken the advice of a dear friend I should be in receipt of a comfortable old-age independency. This should be an object-lesson to many who, like myself, have a lucky turn of Dame Fortune's wheel. The unfortunate part of it is that object-lessons like mine occur every day, and are always disregarded by as great fools as myself." Lord Rosebery and Mr. J. B. Joel

have helped him lately, and I hope to hear that he will not want for the means of a living again.



SPORT FOR AN EX-RULER: COLONEL MANSEL PLEYDELL AND ABDUL AZIZ, EX-SULTAN OF MOROCCO, WAITING FOR THE PIG.

Colonel Mansel Pleydell, it should be remarked, has just given up the Mastership of the Tangier Pig-Sticking Club.

Phryxus: Ditch Mile Nursery, Nutbourne. Windsor, Saturday: Royal Borough Handicap, Chestnut; Merry Wives Nursery, Miss Malaprop; Queen Anne's Welter, Stockton Lassie. Nottingham, Monday: Bestwood Nursery, Fair Relative; Nottingham Handicap, Florizel's Pride. Tuesday: Sherwood Forest Nursery, Green Cloth.

## MONDAY TIPS.

BY CAPTAIN COE.

Newmarket, to-day Great Eastern Handicap, Velociter; October Handicap, King Midas; Hopeful Stakes, Polymela. To-morrow: Thursday Nursery, Misfit; Snailwell Stakes, Great Surprise; Jockey Club Stakes, Stedfast; Welter Handicap, La Melba. Friday: Bretby Welter, Filibuster; Newmarket St. Leger,



# WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## Scotland in September.

There is small wonder that a multitude of leisured folk choose to spend September in Scotland, for where else can you get brilliant sunshine, keen and invigorating air, and all the amenities of civilisation and polite society? The season in Switzerland and the Tyrol is over; the German, French, or Bohemian "Bad" has said farewell to its last patient; it is too early to see the new plays and the new fashions in Paris; and this year, especially, people are looking askance even on their beloved Venice, which usually, in the autumn, has a special and lively Anglo-American season. Scotland, to be sure, appeals to everyone—to kings and professors, to schoolboys and premiers, to sportsmen and archaeologists, and to women of all ages, sizes, and conditions of life. Rightly have the Scottish people retained their national dress, games, musical instruments, dishes, and racy speech, for all these things are a national asset, and attract the stranger and the alien in enormous numbers north of the Tweed. It is, indeed, one of the few countries in Europe which has preserved its own special characteristics apart from the cheap surface "progress" of the Continent. Abroad, St. Petersburg and Munich, Paris and Berlin are not very unlike in their buildings and boulevards, their cafés and theatres, but no one would mistake Edinburgh for any other city in the world, just as no one could mistake a typical Highlander for any other specimen of the human biped.

## No Longer "Dour."

But even Scotland has had to give way to the pressure of modern opinion, to the fierce desire for enjoyment, for leisure, which characterises the present age. The modern Scotsman is no longer "dour"—is, indeed, gay and *folâtre* compared with his grim ancestors. We spent an hour in the village school the other day, and found not only the most genial of dominies presiding over the senior class, but a daughter of the gods teaching Swedish drill and singing. The smaller children in this school—which, by-the-by, was a model building of its kind, with lofty, airy rooms painted in cheery colours—seemed specially favoured. They were encouraged to try their infantile powers in an artistic direction; and thus there was an engaging frieze all round the big school-room, on which these urchins had depicted, in coloured chalk, cats, houses, Pierrots (Pierrot in Scotland!), landscapes, and even portraits of their contemporaries. Needless to say, these sketches were executed with all the fine frenzy,

boys and girls were soon flying, at full speed, down the village street.

## The Ball in the Barn.

To this came all the house-servants, the gillies, gardeners, game-keepers, chauffeurs, not to mention the village joiner, the postman, and other local officials. The music consisted of a couple of fiddles and the "pipes" (you never say "bag-pipes" in Scotland), and to these we all footed it into the small hours. And thoroughly national was our ball. The Teutonic waltz was only danced once, if I remember; but if you have never danced "Rory O' Moore," "The Flower of Edinburgh," and, above all, the "Circassian Circle," you do not know what delirium in the dance can be, or to what a dervish-like condition the cold Northerner can work himself up when excited by his national music, piercing yells, and the presence of the fair. And the girls, all dressed in neat, short white frocks, with bunches of flowers in their waist-belts, were uncommonly pretty, nor was there a young man who did not know his steps or who could not cut a better figure on the floor than many of his "betters." Indeed, to be singled out and led to the mazy dance by one of these dignified and stalwart Scots was a high compliment, and, moreover, you found that he was not only perfectly at his ease, but had as much small talk as the situation demanded. The Northern note was accentuated in the total absence of ornamentation at our ball, for though the floor was admirable and the electric lights abundant, there was not a flag, a flower, or a branch of greenery to announce that the gathering was a festal one. This absence of colour, of extraneous ornament, is curiously typical of Scotland.

But most typically Scottish, perhaps, was the ball given by our host in the barn, and preceded by a festive supper with speeches and toasts.



[Copyright.]

## VENUS IN VELVETEEN.

This fascinating costume is in blue velveteen, with a sleeveless jacket of silk cloth ornamented with soutache and buttons.

the careless rapture of the beginner and the amateur, and the result was so delightful that even if I had been an infant Scot, with all the dignified traditions of my race behind me, I could not have done "lessons" so long as they were there to meet my eye. However, so little rigid was the discipline of this village school that our coming was the signal for a shortening of school-hours, and the whole hundred-and-odd



[Copyright.]

## A DAUGHTER OF DIANA.

The above is a sporting costume in brown tweed, trimmed with tartan plaid, very suitable for a holiday in the Highlands.

## Folk Who Speak Four Tongues.

Yet, interesting as are the gillies and crofters, there are people more curious and mysterious still in this country of mountains and lochs. The most ancient legends hang about the north-east corner of Scotland, and at Meigle you may see the Celtic stone which marked Queen Guinevere's grave. The Arthurian legend is especially lively hereabouts, so that Macbeth and his castle and the forest of Dunsinane seem quite modern and contemporary. The mysterious people who not only speak Scottish, English, and Gaelic, but who have a secret language of their own called "Shelta" are the tinkers and pedlars who wander about the country, or who sometimes take to the sea and reach their remote destinations by boat. In the current *Nineteenth Century* Mr. David MacRitchie, President of the Gipsy Lore Society, tells us that this secret language, "Shelta," comes from Ireland, and is a mixture of Gaelic words and mimetic sounds. One is pleased to hear that the delightful "mizzle" of one's youth is part of an esoteric tongue, and that "ticker" for watch and "peeper" for eye have a similar romantic significance.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 10.*

## CONSOLS.

ONCE more Consols have come into the limelight by reason of the continued fall which has taken the price down to the lowest level reached for the past eighty years. Into the causes of the flatness it is not necessary to explore. They are, for the most part, too well known to need repetition; while, for the other part, they can be used for political arguments by either side. To the investor, however, the drop is a serious matter, and although it is to be hoped that amongst our readers who held Consols a good number have sold on our repeated prophecies that the price would go to 75, it is no good thing for the credit of the country to see its premier security standing so comparatively low. Many people are asking whether Consols should not be bought on the fall, and our reply to those who inquire on this point is simply that investors can do much better with their money. For example: there is India  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. stock, standing on a basis of £3 16s. per cent. yield on the money; Irish Land stock, equally safe with Consols as regards security, pays  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the money; while a number of first-class Colonials return  $3\frac{3}{8}$  per cent. If Consols improve, these other securities will advance in sympathy; but if Consols further decline, the good return available from the stocks already mentioned is sufficient argument in favour of their being held until such time as the affairs of the world settle down, and prices return to more normal levels.

## BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

With the approach of October, the stock markets may usually be trusted to throw off summer lassitude and to redevelop business instincts. Promoters have been afraid to make new issues for the past two months. The paucity of prospectuses is a feature of this September. But the autumn will probably see a great change in this direction; even now the appeals to the public are being prepared for launching at the earliest favourable moment, and we have already seen many new schemes which, suspended by reason of the protracted anxiety bred of the political alarms, will be offered as soon as ever the public show signs of taking an interest in financial affairs again. There are few markets round the Stock Exchange where their specialties are not very nearly sold out. The incessant liquidation must manifestly cease at some time or other, and the remarkable manner in which Home Rails respond to a meagre amount of buying is a good illustration of how matters may be expected to mend in other departments, after this difficult end-September settlement has been safely negotiated.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Bad days in the Stock Exchange have lasted now for several months, and it is astonishing that the House should have weathered so successfully the storm of the various crises through which we have passed. That members have been unpleasantly hit by the decline all round the House is true enough, and the fall in the price of Stock Exchange shares affords a striking comment upon its domestic affairs. Last April—when there was a fair amount of business doing, when the Rubber Market was active and the Home Railway boomlet in full swing, when the Managers had declared a record dividend, although at the same time making a call on the shares—the price stood at 210. Within the last few days it has come back to 186. The dividend in respect of the half-year ended Sept. 29 will be announced shortly after that day, and it is not likely to be less than £4 per share, payable, as usual, on Nov. 1. It may be taken, therefore, that the price of the shares stands actually about 183, ex dividend, at which the return, on the basis of the last two dividends, is no less than  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.—a higher yield than has been obtainable for many years on this security. At the same time "nominations" have been falling steadily, and so little is membership of the Stock Exchange counted to be worth at the present moment that a nomination can be secured for about £20. The record price for these is £700, and although it is known that in the days of stress a year or two ago several "nominations" did change hands at £5 each, the price has seldom been so flat as it is now since the day when the Committee created the asset to every member of the Stock Exchange.

## THE YANKEE OUTLOOK.

Just as nobody could see any reason for Americans to fall when prices were so high in the spring, so now it is a rare thing to come across men connected with the market who admit bullish views at the present time. The day-to-day view it is impossible to discuss. As a jobbing market, Yankees are dangerous to anyone who has not a long purse to see the thing through. But there is one consideration that deserves to be taken into account by those who look further ahead than the immediate future. We refer to the Presidential Election that takes place towards the end of next year. In the ordinary way, the shadow of a Presidential Election casts its length some six months in advance of the event, and, working on precedent, it may be assumed that the Yankee Market will be swayed by this

factor in the early summer of 1912. Briefly, this means that the American Market must remain unsettled for a long time, and very much at the mercy of wirepullers, both bull and bear. At the moment, the principal trouble is concerned with the possibility of the dissolution of the Steel Corporation, but, on the other hand, Mr. Taft's chances in the next Presidential election have been a good deal upset by the defeat of the Reciprocity programme in Canada, of which he was a staunch supporter. This, of course, may have no little weight upon his influence in the anti-Trust campaign on which he is at present embarked.

## ANTI-TRUST BOGEYS.

Again, looking at the matter dispassionately, it may well be asked what particular harm has befallen the giant corporations of the United States in the past whenever legislation against them has received the sanction of the courts. We need no specially long memory to recall how one important decision after another which might have been expected to aim damaging blows at the Trusts have been productive, as a matter of fact, of very little actual result. Always some path has been found which will either get round the decision or enable it to be ignored entirely, and that this will happen again is a reasonable matter for conjecture. Then it is fair to calculate that even if dividends should be reduced, the railroads are earning enough to keep them in remarkably sound positions as a whole, and although the distributions may be cut down, it is as likely as not that the figures will continue to show big surpluses over the dividends paid. The heavy fall which has taken place discounts pretty considerable reductions in dividends, and although, of course, it is quite likely that we may see Yankees lower, it must be remembered at the same time that prices have fallen upon a platform at which they look much more tempting than they have done for a long time past; while, if the decline should go a little farther, the man who has the pluck to buy Americans will probably have the chance to take handsome profits within the next twelve months.

## KAFFIRETTES.

They are beginning to rattle again, those dry bones of the Kaffir Circus. Some of the most confirmed pessimists in the market are making cautious bullish shots, and profess to think that even Kaffirs can't keep flat much longer.

Even East Rands are being tipped for early improvement. After the "incident" of the cyanide works, the speculator might well be expected to think several times before touching the shares; but if the dividend should be reduced to 30 per cent., the return will still work out to 8 per. cent on the money at the present price.

The Committee of Investigation appointed by the Transvaal Government to look into the matter, from the technical standpoint, is regarded by the market in the Stock Exchange as a bull point. Still, it presents possibilities in both directions, obviously.

Of course, if the Franco-German pourparlers were, after all, to end badly, then *au revoir* to all hopes of an early Kaffir revival. There is this point to be very much borne in mind.

It is tolerably certain that the market is short of shares. Some of the jobbers in the Kaffir Circus aver that the market has been for weeks past deliberately fed on bad news in order to tempt bear-selling and to force real holders out of their shares.

Randfontein at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  are pointed out as being very cheap. It is not often that the shares are allowed to dip below 2, and certainly no great amount of buying would be necessary to put the price up to  $2\frac{1}{2}$ .

Merits are not going for much just now, or Wit. Deepes would not be so low in price. The chances of improvement are being based upon the probability of a "natural reaction," and the market therefore hangs a good deal upon what is happening elsewhere round the House. Better markets generally will mean better prices for Kaffirs, and it is on this that the bull party has again begun to build.

Saturday, Oct. 23, 1911.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.  
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. O.—Out of the list you submit, our choice would be the last two. You might spread the money over these and Associated Portland Cement Preference shares.

INVESTMENT.—All good stocks; should feel inclined to take the profit on Rhodesia Railways Fours, and put the money into a 5 per cent. security.

STEEL.—The 5 per cent. Bonds we consider as quite good. The New York Centrals are, of course, a very different type of investment, and practically gilt-edged.

INDIGNANT.—(So is your broker, we venture to think.) He was well within his rights in closing the account when he did.

VETERAN.—The Company you name is a good proposition, but we consider it more speculative than the best Rand properties, where the reserves are large and the ore almost regular in grade.

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

**Fashion's Follies.** The first thing a woman thinks about on her return to London after a few weeks' absence is the changes in fashion. The whole of the plans for the autumn campaign are not yet, of course, unfolded. What we see most clearly indicated is the return of short coats. That the long coat should be abandoned at the close of the hottest long spell we have ever known, when tight skirts still reign—also when, according to meteorological precedent, we may look for an extreme of cold to match the one we have had of heat—is surely one of fashion's follies. The part of our bodies most requiring warmth is the part to be protected least. Skirts will continue to fit almost like gloves round the hips; in order that they may do so, the thinnest under-

wear and the most clinging of elastic corset fabric is alone possible. That the short coats look smart no one will deny, and the newest being cut with bias fronts and a little tail effect at the back makes them look rather jaunty and impertinent. For the present they are, of course, delightful, and all that is necessary for the little snap of cold in the air. That Dame Fashion should make the change now instead of in spring is one of the inconsistencies that enhance her charm, and make us sacrifice our comfort so willingly on her behalf.

**Autumn Hats.** So far as we can yet judge, the hats are as varied and as quaint now as they were in the season. On the other

For Good Girls. Charming gifts are always required.

We do not always wait for set seasons, while weddings and birthdays are always with us. I was wandering through the splendid premises of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, at 158, Oxford Street, the other day, having previously visited those of this same enterprising firm at 2, Queen Victoria Street, and 220, Regent Street, where I saw, in the wonderfully finely stocked jewellery departments, many beautiful things at most moderate cost. Suppose a

young man who is not rich is getting married and his wife has six bridesmaids, isn't it a comfort to him to know that he can buy them enamelled medallions in colours to match their dresses, with a place for a photograph on the reverse side and with a little design of diamonds and pearls in the centre of the enamel suspended on platinum chains, each in a dainty case—quite delightful presents, at a cost of £4 each? Suppose a man not young wants to make his wife a present on their wedding anniversary, and wants it to be a surprise. He will be glad to know that he can buy her a ring made on the same system as the expanding bracelet, which will fit any finger comfortably, even go over a big knuckle, should years and rheumatism have given her one. This is a really acceptable novelty. A collection of pink pearls made up into pendants, earrings, brooches, rings, all kinds of dainty ornaments, offers to the present-seeker an opportunity for giving something special and beautiful; and yet at a very moderate price, for these pearls, rare and lovely as they are, are not nearly so costly as white ones. Enamel necklet-watches are much-prized presents, and are to be seen in many colours and varied designs at reasonable cost. Very pretty and novel are bangles made of single whole-pearls strung on wire, with here and there ruby rondels

through them, just to show the purity of their colour. In diamond-and-pearl pendants and earrings I was quite surprised to find what could be purchased for fifteen pounds—really important-looking and pretty ornaments. A pendant and pair of earrings of pear-shaped emeralds, set round with diamonds, made a beautiful set. It really was quite astonishing to see how generosity is made easy and enjoyable at such establishments as those of Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

**Fatal Freak Flying.** Aeroplaning and airshiping have up to the present hardly given sufficient return in usefulness to justify the loss of human life they have caused and the amount of money they have absorbed. If ever the time comes when an airman is provided with a machine that shows proper control of cross-currents, and can go unscathed through a disturbance of the elements, it will be time enough to eulogise aviation without stint. We have now brave, but sometimes foolhardy, men on unstable machines. If ever we have reliable machines then, perhaps, we may be justified in talking about the conquest of the air. Now it is a chance occasionally when the air is dodged by one of these splendid geese with his inadequate wings.



IN THE FAMOUS BRIDGE COLLECTION, PUT UP TO AUCTION LAST WEEK: A BRONZE BY FLAXMAN OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

The sale of the collections of the late Mr. John Bridge and Mr. John Gawler Bridge, including works of art and historical relics, was held last week by Messrs. Waring and Gillow, at Piddletrenthide Manor House, Dorset. This fine bronze by Flaxman was bought by Mr. P. Macquire for £30.

hand, there seems to be a feeling for neater, smaller, and more practical hats. Messrs. Scott, of 1 Old Bond Street, have issued an autumn catalogue in which each hat illustrated looks wonderfully neat, smart, and becoming, and is yet quite practical and most lady-like. These do not profess to be dressy hats, but they have undeniable style and are suitable for all occasions not of a dressy nature. The catalogue is really a good guide to these new designs, and a selection of hats will be sent to any address on approval, or an experienced assistant will be sent to any lady in town who finds it inconvenient to visit the showrooms.

**Home, Bright Home!**

Some part of the pleasure of a holiday consists in the return home. Especially is it so this year; things had become dull and dusty, and our servants' and housewives' energies were at a low ebb because of the dreadfully enervating weather. Now, after a change and rest, with energy restored and house-pride once more in the ascendant, the autumn cleaning has been thorough and efficient. First-aid to the shabby and dull, Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia Fluid has proved also last aid, and quite removed all reproach from our household gods, which we see again with bright new faces, welcoming us back, and making us experience the true spirit of the song best known in Britain after the National Anthem—"Home, Sweet Home!"



ASCRIBED TO BENVENUTO CELLINI: AN IVORY MEDALLION, IN A BRONZE FRAME BY STOTHARD.

This beautifully carved miniature ivory medallion, one of the items in the Bridge Sale, was ascribed by Mr. John Bridge (a famous jeweller and connoisseur) in 1820 to Benvenuto Cellini. The scenes represented are wild boar, stag, and bear hunts. The medallion has a bronze frame of classical figures and vine border by Stothard.



BASED ON HOMER'S DESCRIPTION IN THE "ILIAD": THE ORIGINAL FIRST PROOF IN BRONZE OF FLAXMAN'S BAS-RELIEF OF THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

This famous work by Flaxman was modelled from the description, of the shield of Achilles in the 18th book of Homer's "Iliad." The centre panel shows Phoebe in his chariot, whilst in the border are scenes of war, judgment, tilling, harvest, pasturage, marriage, and dancing. The bronze, which cost nearly £700 to make, went for £45 in the Bridge Sale last week.



## GENERAL NOTES.

## A Heroine.

Although he is still fighting them, railway-men have sincere sympathy for Lord Claud Hamilton in the death of his wife, who has been laid to rest at Richmond this week. She was a heroine of the old type, in whom crisis and peril served to bring out that valiant spirit which distinguished the Spartan mother. Industrial workers remember her through an incident of the Trafalgar Square riots of five-and-twenty years ago. While the present President of the Local Government Board was peacefully marshalling a monster demonstration in the Square, a mob of hooligans got out of hand in adjoining thoroughfares, wrecked clubs and houses and shops, and established a reign of terror. They seized carriage after carriage, stripped some of the servants, and made the occupants walk. One of the carriages held up in Piccadilly was that of Lady Claud Hamilton. The mob dragged her out and laid violent hands upon her. She did not faint or cry out. She faced them like a lioness, and denounced them as dogs who ought to be whipped as *curs*. They were electrified. "She's a good 'un!" they cried, and with cheers for her courage they handed her back to her carriage, and sent her on her way with colours flying and all the honours of the day her own.

## True Clairvoyance.

If those investigators who are offering a thousand pounds for evidence of telepathy will make it clairvoyance, Mr. Cyril Maude is their man. While playing in Australia he lost an overcoat, and the police could do nothing for him. But in less time than that which now nightly passes for him while he sleeps with gnomes as Rip, he found himself by chance at a thought-reading entertainment, and was specially attracted by one of the committee engaged to prove that things were right. After the show, Mr. Maude, buttonholing this gentleman, offered to do a little thought-reading on his own account. "Take your own overcoat, for example," said he. "Under the elbow of the left sleeve there is a little grease-spot; inside the collar there is the maker's name, and under that, the initials, 'C. M.'" It was all true, and a policeman helped the amateur thought-reader to the possession of his own, and the temporary wearer to a night at the local jail. Will the challengers take up the Maudian gauntlet?

## Black v. White.

It is impossible not to regard it as a little curious that the protest against the proposed prize-fight between Johnson and Wells should, to a great extent, turn upon the colour question. This implies that a negro has never before appeared among the experts of the ring. But those who recall the triumphs of Peter Jackson cannot wonder why the

colour line was never heard of in the days when that sable slogger was giving and taking punishment. Doubtless the conviction that Wells is to be sent into a hopeless conflict makes white men discover the humiliation of the affair. Johnson is the perfected fighting-machine, Wells but a courageous novice of infinite promise but limited achievement. In anything else but pugilism the white man can beat the black—for strength, for speed, for endurance. We have had only one notable black athlete in England, and that was "Darky" Wharton, a very fine goal-keeper, who "tented" for Preston North End and afterwards for Rotherham. He could sprint as well as play football, and giants of the game still living who were associated with him say that he was the finest flat-footed runner that ever donned pumps. Colour was no bar in his case.

## Poverty and Eminence.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, defeated, and perhaps a little dismayed, possibly wishes now more than ever that he had remained unknighthood. He did not desire the honour bestowed upon him at the Diamond Jubilee. "I would have preferred to remain plain Wilfrid Laurier," he has said. "I began my political career under plain Alexander McKenzie, who began life as a stone-cutter, and who lived and died plain Alexander McKenzie." It is to quite a modest home that he retires. An enemy charged him once with having received as a gift from a corrupt corporation a handsome, well-furnished dwelling. He told the Dominion Parliament what the facts were. Sir Wilfrid explained that he had bought the house himself, paying £1100 cash down and furnishing it, except for a few gifts from personal friends to Lady Laurier, raising the money on his own personal note, and giving a mortgage for the balance, £800, on the house itself. "I bought the house in the name of my wife," he said, "because, being poor, and well knowing that if I died I could have nothing to leave her, I thought it right to give her a home." That modest dwelling has ever since been the abode of the man with whose name and programme two continents have rung.

M. Worth, of Paris, and of 4, New Burlington Street, will move into new and more commodious premises at 3, Hanover Square early in October, where his latest creations may be seen to full advantage. The new salons are being fitted up in the most sumptuous manner and decorated on a lavish scale, according to the best canons of French art. No longer is it necessary to cross the Channel to become *au courant* with the very latest in French modes, for the same master-hand which designs them in Paris is responsible for them here. Intending wearers of Worth creations should note, however, that in London they can *only* be obtained at this address.



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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with "Rip Van Winkle," at the Playhouse; "The Great Name," at the Prince of Wales's; The Latest "Bags"; Miss Gladys Unger; "The Ogre," at the St. James's; Children of the Oasis; Work by Madmen; Curious Carvings; and Fräulein Grete Wiesenthal in the "Spring Voices" Waltz.



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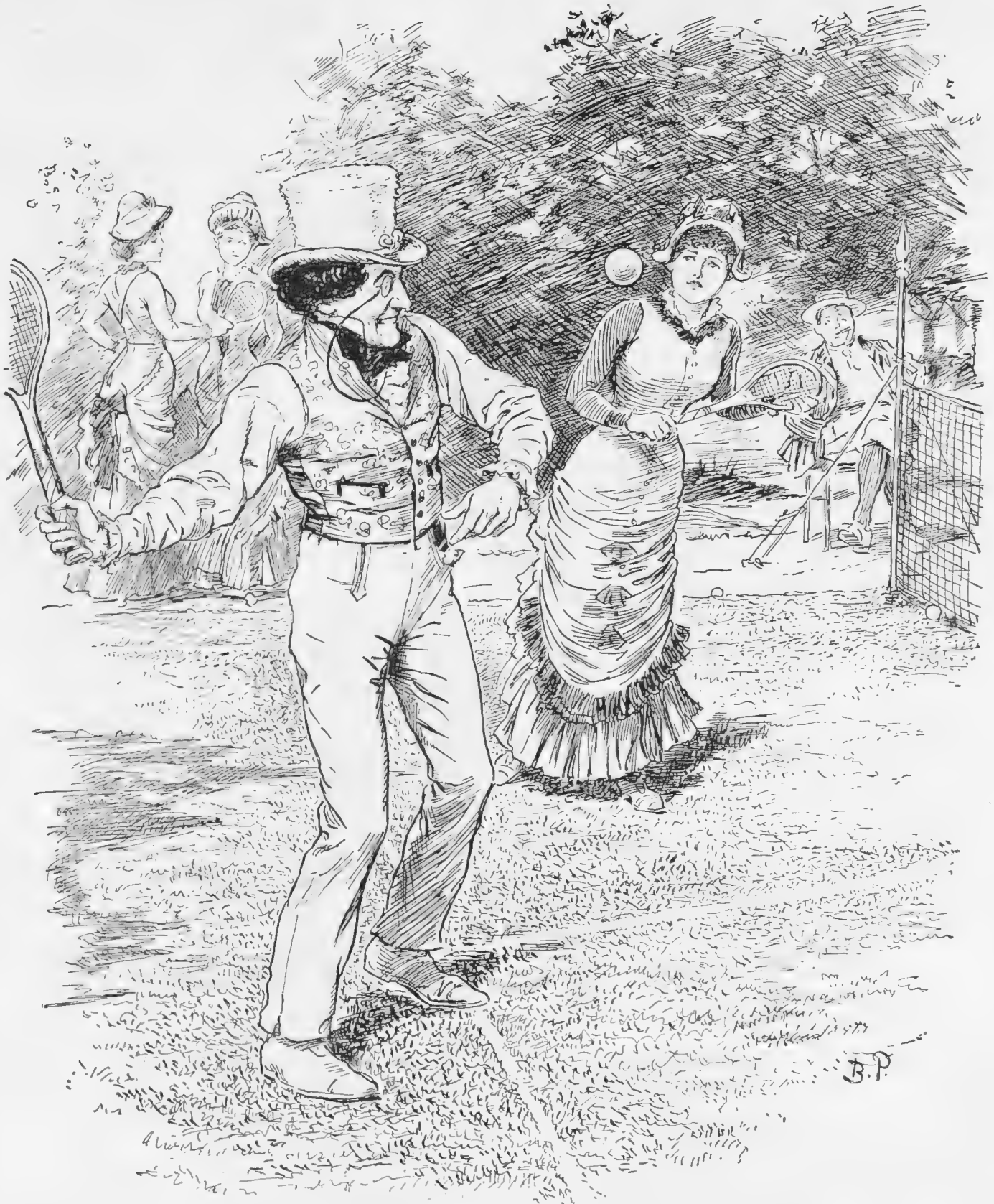
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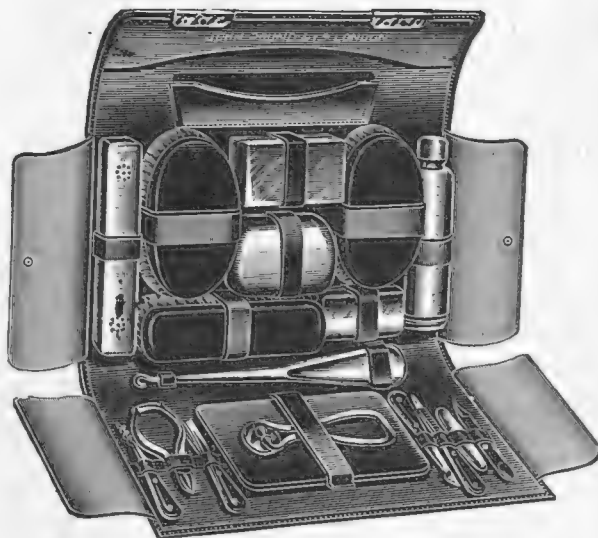
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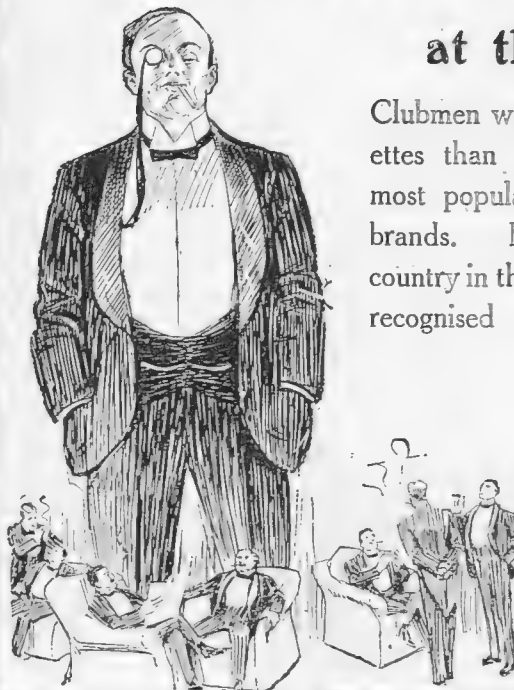
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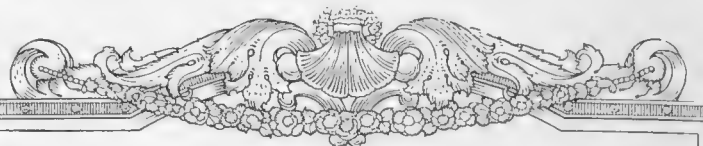
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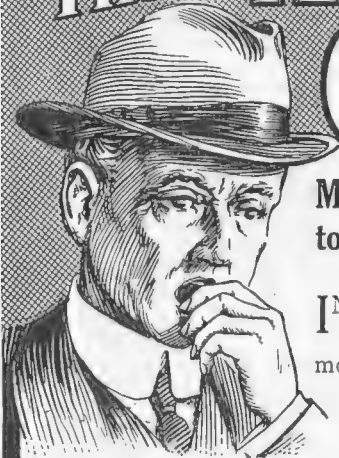
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"I had two outer covers retreaded by you in the early days of last year, and one was used on my rear front wheel nearly all through last year and is now in use on the offside. It must have run well over 4000 miles and is still quite good, showing hardly a scratch; the other I have only just commenced to use, and should it give the same results I can assure you I shall have nothing to complain of.

On September 4th we received a letter of which the following is an extract:

"The tyre you retreaded for me last year and which I wrote to you about early this year, has only been scrapped a week or two after having done a further 3000 miles. Another retread which you did at the same time has not lasted so well having burst at a little over 3000 miles. This cover was not worn through the Almagam. ... If you would like me to send you the original cover THAT HAS BEEN ABOUT 7000 MILES, I will do so.

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810 x 90	1 15 6	3 4 7	1 9 1	2 18 5	4 3 6	1 5 1	1 7 4	2 9 9	1 2 5
815 x 105	2 0 5	3 13 6	1 13 1	3 2 1	4 8 9	1 6 8	1 9 10	2 14 3	1 4 5
820 x 120	2 7 1	4 5 7	1 18 6	3 15 1	5 7 3	1 12 2	1 17 0	3 7 3	1 10 3
880 x 120	2 11 11	4 14 5	2 2 6	4 0 7	5 15 5	1 14 10	1 19 9	3 12 4	1 12 7
895 x 135	3 7 1	6 2 0	2 14 11	4 6 5	6 2 6	1 16 1	3 3 9	5 16 0	2 12 3

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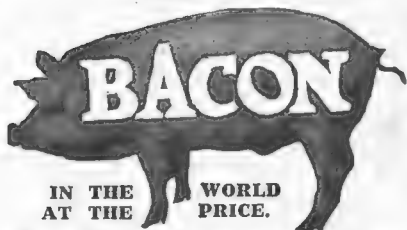
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## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

## "The Dangerous Age."

By KARIN MICHAELIS.  
(The Bodley Head.)

Elsie Lindtner, née Bugge, had arrived at what she considered the dangerous age, femininely speaking. It lies somewhere behind the forties, and is inevitable before the fifties. Her husband bored her to torture, after twenty years of him; her lover was young enough to give her uneasiness, his studio—he was a struggling architect—so comfortless as to suggest an ascetic future in his company; and she was growing old, though she is careful to mention that this was not apparent. Therefore she laid secret plans for separation from the world, from the kind, tedious husband certainly, and, above all, from the young architect. A fortune left her by a former fiancé enabled her to fix this retreat in a white villa charmingly planned by her unsuspecting lover; she obtained the services of a jewel of a cook and a sympathetic maid, and settled down to grow old philosophically. Her chief occupation seems to have been in correspondence. Disingenuous letters to husband and lover, and brutally candid ones to friends, left the white villa whose cloistered garden touched the forest and the sea. But soon not the most sensational rumours of the various kinds of fool her women-friends were playing at their dangerous age could avert a hopeless feeling of anticlimax and flatness. In a highly wrought mood, the lover was summoned by a letter which reflected the mood. He came, and the first glance told her all. "He loved me once; he no longer loves me. . . . He went away the same evening; so at least I was spared the night. . . . Where can I go to hide my shame? . . . Richard . . ." Richard was the unendurable husband, and presently he, too, received something that looked very like a love-letter. But it crossed with one which brought tidings to the white villa of his approaching marriage. "So he has dared!" exclaims the poor lady, and immediately plans some globe-trotting with the sympathetic housemaid. "Nothing remains but to write my letter—and depart!" The letter was one of congratulation to Richard, and may safely be said to be the most malicious letter in modern literary fiction. This and much more purports to be written by a woman, and is certainly presented by Marcel Prévost as a serious philosophical contribution to the study of life. (A reader weak on Danish-Scandinavian novelists, but with a vivid memory of certain other "lettres" of women, will make a sceptical note of the authorship.) Elsie Lindtner purports to be nothing if not typical. She pleads for a refuge for all women in the fatal forties. "All are suffering from the same trouble. . . . We are all more or less mad then, although we struggle to make others think us sane." But supposing that further admissions made by

Elsie should prove monstrously abnormal, how then stands her claim of universal type? Did you at a tender age, scared, because doomed, woman reader, spend a whole night *till the sun rose* gazing at yourself in your first mirror? Were you so obsessed by money as to bury a coin that might be given you—"as a dog buries a bone"? Then lie awake all night fearing you wouldn't find it in the morning? And from the moment that an admiring schoolmate foretold a bridegroom prince for you, did you "enter upon the accursed cult" of your person which absorbed "the rest of your childhood and all your first youth"? When you fell while swinging and ran a nail into your cheek, was "the pain nothing to you compared to the thought of a permanent mark"? Cynically betrothed to a rich old man whose person disgusted you, did you only regret the naïveté which was unable to hide the horror of his embrace and led to his resigning you? Would you "undertake in pitch darkness to recognise every man" you know by the help of your nose alone? Are men the same to you as flowers? Do you "judge of them by their smell"? Do you experience a strange stirring of the emotions when you bite the stalk of a pansy? Could you "never read a poem without secretly mocking the writer"? Unless you can subscribe to the greater part of this indictment, you are no Elsie Lindtner. You may walk into those fatal forties, even as a mother, without wishing you could buy back your lost youth by drinking the heart's blood of your children. Unhappy and deplorable, she may, like her own pansy-stalk, stir the emotions, but she will never stand for humanity.

## "The Rajah."

By F. E. PENNY.  
(Chatto and Windus.)

Yet another tale of racial problems, of conflicting religions, of East and West! But one with an almost happy ending, thanks to the courage and wisdom of the Rajah himself. Delphine and her brother, who had chummed with the Rajah in Eton and Oxford days, were indeed in a strange country. This is the zenana theory of our sports. "The English all play ball. Some beat balls with iron-shod sticks, standing in the fields and striking with sufficient force to break a man's skull; some beat the ball with a long bit of wood in front of three sticks that represent their gods; some with corded spoons over a net wall; some with long-handled hammers as they sit on horses; some kick the balls with their feet. The balls are of all sizes, from a small orange to a man's head. . . . They are a fierce and warlike people, these English, who must be always fighting and beating someone. It is by this means only that they are prevented from killing each other." The making of an orange-salad by native servants, and the demon-worship attended with such dignity by the weary yet not unresponsive Rajah, are doors of vision upon our brilliant, reticent India.

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Antexema is not an ointment, but a milky-looking liquid, which, when applied to the skin, protects it from

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Do your duty to your skin. Go to any chemist or stores and get a bottle of Antexema to-day. Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy and Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Stores, Lewis and Burrows' supply it at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or direct, post free, in plain wrapper 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. from the Antexema Company. Also everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, every British Dominion, and throughout Europe.

## Special Free Trial Offer.

Any reader of "The Sketch" who wishes to try Antexema beforehand can do so by mentioning this paper and enclosing three penny stamps for interesting booklet, "Skin Troubles." With it will be forwarded a Free Trial of Antexema, also of Antexema Soap, the great aid to skin health, and Antexema Granules, which purify the blood. Send at once to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.



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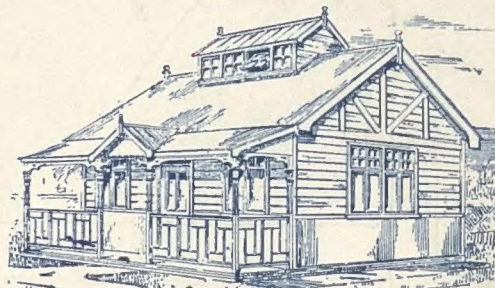
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